THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRISH ODDITIES.

How the Irish King Flourished Once Upon a Time on the Continent of Europe.

Some Account of Prof. Mortimer Murphy, Tom Steele, O'Connell's Head Pacificator and Other Peculiar Characters.

[*For The Citizen.*]

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

An odd race is always a bright and brainy one. The Irish are bright and brainy. Ergo they are odd. Hence we can understand what fantastic tricks they play before high heavens by the side-splitting jokes they crack at each other's expense, the humorous adventures they have not only at home but also in foreign lands, the keen, sharp wit, the spicy humor and rollicking drollery of their character, their ever gay and buoyant spirits, and their love of the ludricous in human nature. From archives only just discovered and translated, hidden on the cobwebbed shelves of continental Europe, we learn of the experiences of several of these Irish eccentric swashbucklers, mighty good fellows at all that, whose wonderful deeds were worthy of record at the hands of the quaint old French and Flemish chroniclers and annalists. These erratic Hibernians have left some imprints of their footsteps behind them on the sands of time. O'Halloran was the name of one of these oddities. He was born in the county Clare in the beginning of the last century, and in early years showed signs of being both of a roving and a studious disposition. His native county as well as the four seas of Erinn turning out to be too small for him, he left for foreign parts in a fishing smack off the coast of Kilkee, provided with a few hundred pounds sterling, the present of a good and over-indulgent father. After five weeks' perilous difficulties on the briny deep, O'Halloran reached Antwerp, and having sold his barque to a fisherman of the town proceeded to explore Flanders on foot with a pipe between his teeth and a satchel on his back. He lived the first years of his life abroad boarding at a cheap rate in the farmhouses of the unsophisticated peasantry, picking up their language word by word, initiating himself into their habits and customs, dancing at their *kermesses*, and assisting at their christenings and marriages, and identifying himself completely with their quaint primitive lines. The restless spirit of change, however, induced him to seek and explore new fields of travel. He accordingly proceeded to Paris, where he figured for some time as a professor of the Gaelic and English languages. Here his eccentricities developed themselves to such an extent that he used to pose in various salons as the only lineal descendant of Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings! He amassed money enough to purchase a purple toga, and a electro-plated crown in which he used to hold receptions in his bachelor apartments in the Latin quarter where he was known as "His Irish Majesty, O'Halloran the First." This royalty *in partibus* used to refer to his good King Louis and his family as "his royal cousins." The Jacobites, then residing in Paris, scenting in O'Halloran a possible rival to their own Prince Charlie, made the city so hot for the Irish pretender that he had to leave French territory. His next residence was Madrid, where he dyed his ruddy Irish features to an olive tint, and with a mantilla hanging from his shoulders, and a sombrero poised jauntily on his head, he used to promenade the Puerta del Sol every evening with the measured step of a soldier and the dignified air of a Grandee. He had a fine, tall herculean figure, all the suavity of manners of a courtier, and the instincts of a gentleman, all of which qualities won him the esteem of the Spanirds. He was a particular favorite with the dark eyed *senoritas* of the sunny south, to a group of whom he acted for some time in the capacity of teacher of living languages. Here he gave up his pretensions to the Irish crown in favor, it is said, of one of the ancestors of the present O'Conor Don, who was the next of kin to himself in the royal line according to O'Halloran's own audacious declaration.

In Madrid, however, he still boasted of his blue blood, although he was forced to give lessons for a living. We next find him studying philosophy in various German universities, and drinking bock beer in the lager halls of Munich and Vienna. He afterward proceeded to Constantinople, where he mastered the Koran in the original, arrayed himself to the robes of a Musselman, and smoked *chibouques* in the city's slums in order, as he used to say himself, to escape the pungent odor of the kennels of dirty dogs that infest the Ottoman capital. He performed, on one occasion, the daring deed of entering a mosque with sandalled feet. This outrage on the sanctity of Allah's temple, got him into serious trouble, out of which he eventually escaped unhurt, thanks to his smiling face and oily tongue. Subsequently he was suspected of conspiracy against the state, and had to fly for his life from the banks of the Bosphorus. He afterward traveled on foot through Russia, escaped narrowly getting lost in the snows of Siberia, and spent some time in Sweden and Norway.

Returning to Flanders, he resolved to give up forever the sowing of his wild oats. He was now an elderly man, and determined to spend the evening of life in some calm, classic retreat, where he might devote himself to literary pursuits as well as to his profession as teacher. A vacancy having occurred just then in the chair of European literature in the College of the Holy Trinity (now known as the College of the Josephites) in the university of Louvain. O'Halloran applied for the post and secured it, having passed a crucial examination for that position with flying colors. O'Halloran was professor in that institution when young Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, county Kerry, the future Irish tribune, was one of its pupils. The Professor was a most distinguished recruit to the teaching staff of the famous university. He knew thoroughly well no less than eight European languages, and had a smattering of almost all the others. He was a poet, too, in his moments of leisure, having written sonnets in the Tuscan, the Irish and the English tongues. A Belgian balladist of note, Pere Victor de Buck, has left on record the fact that the gifted Irishman wrote much exquisite verse in Flemish.

This lingual phenomenon from the county Clare, died at a good old age, full of years and honors in the last decade of the last century, finishing a career which began and continued in the midst of exciting adventures, and spent itself out in the twin odors of learning and piety. Louvain is also, I may add, associated with that genial oddity, Oliver Goldsmith, who studied within its walls, after having played his flute along the country roads of Holland and Flanders.

Professor Mortimer Murphy, another scholarly and eccentric Hibernian, was a distinguished member of the Irish colony during the closing years of the second empire. A native of Cork, he was a cosmopolitan by instinct, as well as travel. When Murphy early in life shook the dust of the "Groves o' de Pool" from the soles of his shoes and landed in foreign parts, he followed the calling of ship carpenter at several European ports. Becoming discontented with this drudgery, and aspiring, as he did, to a position in which he could use his fluent tongue to best advantage, he interviewed several hotel proprietors, and persuaded one of them to employ him as tout. He did not prove much of a success in this capacity, for Murphy was in the habit of paying more attention to his books than he did to tourists, and he was oftener found poring over [illegible] than keeping watch at the railroad station for incoming trains in quest of possible patrons for the hostelry which he represented. He soon gave up touting forever, and book-reading for a time; and remembering that he had been no unskillful acrobat in the old days in Cork, offered his services to an Austrian circus, where he became in a short time champion vaulter. His honest features shone in all the radiant colors of rainbowed printer's ink in huge caps, from the dead walls of Vienna—a glory, or rather an apotheosis, which gave the adventurous Corkonian his first taste of fame.

After having starred it with the circus company for some years, Murphy returned once more to his beloved books and studied Hebrew with such success that he was appointed professor of that tongue in a college in Hamburg. He threw up this dignified position to accept the less noble but certainly the more remunerative post of secretary and general handy man to his namesake, Murphy, the famous Irish giant, who was then exhibiting his mighty brawn and iron muscle to thousands of admiring spectators in the leading capitals and cities of Europe. Murphy, the secretary, "boomed" Murphy, the giant, so eloquently and so well in the advertising columns of the Continental press, and in all kinds of languages, that the big fellow's tour was a roaring success. At the close of this peripatetic exhibition of the Irish Titan, our friend became a *conferencier*, and lectured to various audiences throughout the length and breadth of Germany on the beauties of Shakespeare. Tiring of the platform, he embraced the press, and settled down for some time in Brussels, where he worked on the staff of *L'Independance Belge*, as one of its foreign editors. Wearied of this occupation, too, after some years, he was appointed tutor to the children of Charles Lever, the famous Irish novelist, then a resident of Florence, Italy, where the genial wanderer in his moments of leisure reveled in the contemplation of the master paintings of that classic city. Toward the middle of the sixties he settled down in Paris, where he became professor of languages, of which it is computed that he knew thirteen. He was a success at his profession, and was very popular among the students of the Latin quarter. He used to sit every evening at a marble table in the Cafe Clung, surrounded by some choice spirits to whom he would unfold the rich wealth of his wondrous knowledge. In politics he was a Republican, and had the courage of his convictions in openly denouncing the then reigning Emperor of France, Napoleon III. When Paris was threatened with a siege, Murphy, who had become old and a confirmed invalid, crossed the channel to London in one of the hospitals of which city he died in 1871. He was a little dapper man in physique, white-haired and bespectacled, rather bilious of countenance, but possessing, nevertheless, a genuine Irish heart and a warm and a hearty disposition.

Another Irish oddity was the late Tom Steele. An owner of property in the county Clare, and a Protestant gentleman, he mortgaged his property to buy a vessel for the transportation of a thousand Irish volunteers to "fight the dirty King of Spain," as an old ballad has it; the dirty King would not give his people a decent constitution, and his subjects were in open rebellion. Steele and his thousand fuglemen joined them. Owing to the assistance of a French army the rebellion was crushed. Steele, on reaching the port where he left his ship at anchor, found her confiscated by the authorities, whereupon he donned a Spanish mantilla and, babbling a few words in Spanish, escaped to France across the Pyrenees. Heaven only knows what became of his unfortunate followers! He afterward distinguished himself under the leadership of O'Connell as "Head Pacificator of all Ireland." John Ray, the Belfast attorney, was a curious combination of an Orangeman and a Fenian. He went about swathed in green and orange colors. His language in court was so distasteful to the grave judicial dignitaries of the Irish courts that he had to be evicted from the premises by several burly policemen on many occasions.

ABOUT THE IRISH FLAG.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, March 26.—In last week's issue of THE CITIZEN under the caption "The Irish Flag," there appeared a communication signed "D.," containing sentiments which, I believe, the great majority of our race do not endorse, for the simple reason that they do not subserve the cause of Irish nationality so dear to the hearts of every true and honest son of Erin. Among other things "D." says: "Last St. Patrick's Day the municipal buildings of several American cities stultified themselves by not having the Irish flag floating in the breeze over them." Although an Irishman to the heart's core, and an ardent admirer of that dear and venerable flag emblazoned with the harp and the shamrock:

"Whose radiance golden
Shed upon the ages olden
Light, when all around was darkness;"

and which, by the way, I have many times proudly borne in processions through the streets of our beloved city, but being also a staunch American citizen equally proud of the land of my adoption, I am thoroughly satisfied on St. Patrick's Day, or in fact any other day, when I march past our public buildings and find them bereft of all flags save that emblem of liberty and justice, the glorious and immortal stars and stripes. We ought always to bear in mind that public buildings in America are not constructed solely for the edification of one class of people, no matter how great and powerful in every respect it happens to be.

The Germans and all other nationalities that go to make up the population of this country have [illegible] much right in my estimation to request the cherished flags of their respective countries to be hoisted over public buildings on the special days they celebrate as we have. I quite agree with "D.," as every impartial student of American history must, as to what he says Irishmen have done and are doing for the material growth and prosperity of this country, and this, it seems to me, ought to satisfy us without making fools of ourselves by requesting Mayor So-and-So to purchase a green flag with public money and float it over a building built and paid for by taxes collected from every man fortunate enough to own a piece of taxable property. It was pleasing to read the flattering and encouraging comments of the Chicago papers, without exception, on our magnificent procession last St. Patrick's Day. How different this would be if the men of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and kindred societies here passed resolutions, etc., like their brethren in other cities requesting the mayor to hoist an Irish flag?

If "D." would follow the advice of that distinguished prelate the most Rev. Archbishop Ireland he would doubtless find after all that his indignation at the acts of certain men whom he stigmatizes as knaves, flunkeys, etc., is without just cause. There is no mayor or any other individual who would dare prevent us from exercising our constitutional right of carrying the Irish flag in our processions, but the sooner we abandon our arrant nonsense of which "D." and others who believe with him complain, the better it will be for the honor and proverbial chivalry of the Irish-American people.

When this is done we will hear a great deal less of the intolerant bigots who are now arrayed against us, as they will be deprived of the principal reason for their opposition to us as a race and people.

P. B. F.

G. A. A. NEWS.

CENTRAL COUNCIL MEETING.

The Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association will meet on Sunday, April 1, at No. 81 South Clark street, at 2:30 p.m. The election of officers will take place and arrangements will be made for drawing up a schedule of games for next season. Clubs are respectfully invited to elect two delegates to represent them in the council for the ensuing period, and to furnish them with credentials.

J. W. DONNELLY, Pres.
E. M. O'REILLY, Sec'y.

G. A. A. ELECTION.

The election of officers of the Illinois State Gaelic Athletic Association will take place at the annual meeting of the stockholders to be held at Union Catholic Library Hall, No. 94 Dearborn street, on Thursday evening, April 5, at 8 o'clock sharp. The present board of directors respectfully request the stockholders to attend the meeting, as important business will be up for consideration.

T. J. RYAN, Pres.
E. M. O'REILLY, Sec'y.

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Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Continues to Bombard the "Soup House" Party With Proofs of the Fallacy of Low Tariff.

Some Very Interesting Statistics for the Uninformed.

[*For The Citizen.*]

PART VI CONTINUED.

The report of the special committee of the United States senate appointed for the express purpose of ascertaining the effect of the McKinley act on wages and necessaries of life reported that from the time of the passage of said act (about two years) wages had increased all over the Union and necessaries had decreased. This committee was composed of Republicans and Democrats, including Senator Carlisle, and said report was unanimous. If this report needs any corroboration here, it is from the Hon. Burke Cochran, Tammany's great rhetorician, who can denounce a man or a measure more eloquently and vote against his own opinions oftener than any man in America. He says:

"I hold here in my hand the Aldrich report, which comes to me with an approval of the distinguished secretary of the treasury, and which emanates from a Democratic bureau of statistics. The accuracy of its figures has never been impugned, and it shows that never in the history of the human civilization have wages been so high, measured by gold. Through long strikes and sufferings and woe, labor has improved its condition in this country until, by the figures of this Aldrich committee, we find that it enjoys today the largest proportion of that which it produces that it has ever enjoyed in the history of the world."

I clip the following from the magnificent speech of Hon. T. B. Reed against the Wilson bill:

"Here is a little book of letters of an editor—Mr. Carr, of the Cardiff *Mail*, to his wife. It is full of expressions of surprise over this 'wonderful country,' 'phenomenal prosperity,' 'extent and strength of the enormous interests created by the American policy of Protection.'"

"I have here an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, wherein Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, a British Free Trade writer, in December, 1892, declares that America has for many years enjoyed an amazing degree of prosperity, so much so, indeed, that, to use the eloquent words of Edmund Burke, 'generalities which in all other cases are apt to heighten and raise the subject, have here a tendancy to sink it. Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.'

"Only last November Mr. W. H. Mitchell, an English lecturer fresh from a three months' visit to our country, addressed the Textile Society, of Bradford, England. He was here in the interests of trade. Hence, what he had to say smacks of trade: The importance of America as a trade outlet was very obvious. It had 65,000,000 people who spent more money on dress than any other people on the face of the earth. Again, in spite of the wonderful development which has taken place, the possibilities, he might say the certainties, of future progress were marvelously illimitable.

"'Marvelously illimitable.' These were his very words. How the mouths of the Textile Society of Bradford must have watered as he detailed to them the hopes he had that such fruitage would be lifted to their very lips, but of that by and by.

"Editor Carr, already quoted, says this country 'is the paradise of the workingman.' All the bigotry of Free Trade cannot wipe that out. The further my inquiries extend, says he, the more convinced I become that the real truth of the matter is, that in this country a workingman earns twice as much as he would in England, and the cost of his living, except in the matter of rent and clothing, is about the same. Even in the matter of clothing the difference is not great, except as it is brought about by the general use of much better clothing.

"Says Mr. Francis Walker in substance, for I quote only from memory and from a newspaper at that, 'If the workman of America would be content with the meager life beyond the seas, he could save two-thirds of his entire wages.'"

But why crowd your pages with proofs of what is self-evident to every man who has not wilfully closed his eyes to the known truth? And yet there are such men and Gen. McMahon seems to be one of them. Right in the teeth of American, Irish, English, Republican, Whig and Democratic authorities, in spite of the unparalleled prosperity of the country, yea, in spite of the evidence of his own senses, Gen. McMahon dogmatically pronounced Protection of American industry "a failure in practice," and not only that, but charges it with being the great cause of existing dissatisfaction. This last baseless assertion is hardly worthy of a serious reply, and I would not occupy your valuable space in refuting it were it not that possibly some Free Trader might say the assertion could not be refuted. Dun's Commercial Agency recently reported (what everybody knew already (that employment was general, wages were high and the country was enjoying unusual prosperity up to No. 6, 1892, the day of the presidential election, and immediately after the business began to stagnate, and in a couple of months such a panic shook the Nation as it had not experienced since the panic of 1837, which was the legitimate offspring of the low tariff compromise of 1833. "Like causes produce like effects." Any attempt at a statistical resume of the present state of affairs would occupy more space that you could spare, but a few quotations will be useful.

Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* from regular correspondents and others at 119 cities throughout the country show that there are wage-earners in enforced idleness at the present time numbering more than 801,000, and that there are dependent for support on these idle employes of industrial and other establishments more than 1,956,000 persons.

At twenty-four central western cities—cities in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Kentucky—the total number of wage-earners out of work from all causes is reported at 227,340, and the total number dependent on them for support at 443,310. At fifteen of the more important cities in New York and New Jersey (to which are added totals from Wilmington, Del.) there are reported 213,250 idle employes of industrial and other establishments, on whom are dependent 563,750 persons.

Last month the *American Economist* drew attention to the fact that five billion dollars had been lost in the business of the country from the beginning of last April to the end of October, as compared with the corresponding months of 1892, as shown by the bank clearings reported to *Bradstreet's*. We are now able to add the figures for November and get the following results:

Month	1893.	1892.
April	$4,918,819,872	$5,066,679,409
May	5,244,502,329	5,014,020,107
June	4,524,609,767	4,915,758,398
July	4,137,669,864	4,627,501,773
August	3,346,213,938	4,513,163,512
Sept	3,311,635,037	4,779,284,710
Oct	3,983,596,363	5,470,307,243
Nov.	4,051,057,546	5,443,235,918
Totals	$33,518,104,716	$39,829,951,070

Dun's annual review gives the result of an investigation made into the decrease in trade during the last half of 1893, as compared with the corresponding period of 1892. Reports were received from 1,106 concerns classed under 18 different branches of business. In the textile trade the aggregate of sales for the 1893 half year was almost $40,000,000 less than in 1892, the falling off being 41 per cent, while in the iron and steel trades it was 39.8 per cent. The aggregate money loss of sales exceeded $90,000,000 during the period under the Free Trade administration, or 30 per cent less than during the last six months of 1892. The results were as follows:

Business.	1893.	Total sales. 1892.	Decrease per cent.
Woolen mfg	$14,703,250	$27,602,757	46.7
Carpet mfg	1,990,141	4,087,916	51.4
Underwear	4,764,972	8,608,923	44.7
Hosiery	1,853,464	2,834,979	39.2
Cotton	28,806,951	42,005,525	37.1
Silk	3,791,561	6,589,756	43.0
Mixed	2,543,459	3,414,902	25.6
Textile mfg	$56,253,798	$95,244,758	41.0
Iron and steel	61,426,614	85,398,932	39.8
Dry goods	31,968,430	39,472,867	19.0
Groceries	25,517,541	25,479,388	*.1
Hardware	8,834,841	10,837,041	18.5
Boots and shoe mfg	5,976,749	7,169,960	16.6
" dealers	10,032,169	11,303,549	11.3
Clothing	7,555,251	8,610,819	12.3
Jewelry	2,930,704	3,904,189	24.8
Hats	2,290,265	2,812,509	18.6
Furniture	1,952,704	2,682,679	27.2
Miscellaneous	5,722,636	7,981,200	25.8
Total	$210,461,791	$300,587,830	29.9

*Increase.

It is now estimated that not less than 3,000,000 men are absolutely idle, and as a natural consequence the most squalid poverty has taken the place of the plenty and contentment which blessed the smiling land when Cleveland was elected. Gen. McMahon says this horrible state of affairs is altogether owing to the protective tariff. At least 1,500,000 men have signed petitions to congress, denouncing the Wilson bill, and charging that it is the cause of the trouble. A few weeks since delegates representing 500,000 employes in about thirty industries in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania met, and here is a resolution passed by them:

De it Resolved, That we, wage earners, irrespective of party affiliation, in mass meeting assembled, representing 500,000 operatives in every branch of industry, do earnestly protest against the passage of the so-called Wilson bill, or of any measure of its character; or of any legislation which shall dwarf the established industries of this country.

And here is another resolution passed at a mass meeting of workingmen in the Democratic city of Yonkers, N. Y.:

Resolved, That as 55 per cent of the cost of a fur felt hat is labor, the reduction of the present tariff from 55 to 30 per cent will result disastrously to about 25,000 American workingmen, 3,000 of whom are employed in the city of Yonkers, and

Resolved, That should the proposed bill become a law the wages of the employes engaged in the manufacture of hats in this country would necessarily decrease about 40 per cent in order to compete with foreign manufacturers of hats who pay less than half for the same class of work, with an additional advantage of having free fur, free trimmings, free leather, free alcohol, dyestuffs and other articles necessary to produce the finished hat.

On Jan. 30, 1894, two elections were held in New York city, the Democratic stronghold for congressmen, one district was carried by turning a Democratic majority of nearly 9,000 into a Republican majority of almost 1,000, and the other district was saved to the Democracy by a loss of about 7,000 votes. The New York *Sun* says that Republican gains at the next congressional election as large as these will change the present Democratic majority of ninety-one into a Republican majority of seventy. It looks now as if Gen. McMahon and a select few of the faithful will stand by the Free Trade Democracy and the rest of the people will be found on the side America and her interests against England and her allies here and elsewhere. If the General is satisfied with the outlook, he is a perfect Mark Tapley, who was always jolly under the most disheartening circumstances.

A. L. MORRISON.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNELL.

After a brief illness at his home in Washington, D.C., Mr. Wm. J. O'Connell died March 24 rather unexpectedly. He was the eldest son of Mr. J. D. O'Connell, the well known chief of division of the bureau of statistics, treasury department. The young man was a native of Washington, and in the 27th year of his his age. After graduating from St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa., he was appointed assistant topographer in the United States geological survey, which position he resigned in September, 1889, to accept a similar one on the engineer staff of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company. In March, 1891, he was tendered and accepted the position of topographer to accompany the party authorized to survey the route for the proposed Inter-continential Railroad Company between this country and South America. The deceased was connected with the second corps of engineers of this survey from the commencement to the close of its field operations. Upon the return of the party in the spring of 1892 his services were retained and continued to the time of his death. He was a most worthy young man, of much promise and exceedingly popular among a large number of friends and acquaintances, who, while mourning his loss, will extend a heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved father. The funeral services took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which was filled with mourning friends. His former associates among the employes of the Inter-continental Railway attended in a body, as did also Chief Ford, of the burea of statistics, with many of the employes of that bureau. A high mass of requiem was celebrated by Father Fletcher, who at its close delivered a very touching and appropriate address, after which the remains were taken to Mount Olivet cemetery, where they were interred beside those of dear relatives. Messrs. C. L. Beatty, H. Donovan, H. H. Carpenter, H. S. Flynn, Foster and Kann, his former associates in the Intercontinental Railway commission and the United States geological survey, acted as pallbearers. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Among them were a large mound and pillow inscribed: "To a faithful officer," from the Intercontinental Railway commission; wreath from his associates on the commission, and a large cross of lilies from the officers and employes of the United States Bureau of Statistics.—*Washington (D. C.) Post.*

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

The Ancient Order is up and stirring. On all sides you hear of new efforts to place the good old society back in its proper position—the great benevolent order of the Irish people. There was much surprise expressed by the bystanders on the 17th of March when they noted the youthful faces and erect, manly figures of the men in the ranks of the A.O.H. They would be more surprised if they had the privilege of attending division meetings. The fact is, the Order is rejuvenated, and the youth of our people are flocking to the standard of green and gold to take up the work so nobly carried on by the older members for years past.

State Delegate Laurence Heneky reports that the Illinois convention of the A.O.H. in East St. Louis on June 13 next will number 164 delegates. This will be quite a gathering, and the Order has reason to congratulrte itself on its growth since June, 1892. Many members of the Ancient Order of late refer to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the honored names on the muster roll of that ancient and honorable body, at the same time wondering why merchants of Irish birth and descent in the Garden City do not interest themselves more in the society of all others most calculated to benefit the race of their fathers in a practical manner. The time-honored record of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick show that practical aid was given the immigrant, and active interest taken in the welfare of the race at home and abroad. While it is not desirable for the A.O.H. to enter the quasi political field it certainly could do an immense amount of good by pushing the establishment of an employment bureau. News from across the water gives expression to the probability of an increased immigration of the sons of the scattered Gael—what a splendid work it would be to have an organized system of caring for such of those new arrivals as may not have friends and influence to secure employment. We want some independent, intelligent, patriotic man like Matthew Carey, the secretary of the Friendly Sons, to steer matters. Have we such among us?

The A.O.H. divisions will soon commence a series of reunions in central localities, which, well attended, will produce good fruit. The discussion under "good of the order" ought to be availed of for suggestions of individual members for the benefit of the Order. It is about time for No. 8 to invite the brothers to a social meeting; and No. 1 ought to throw wide open its hospitable doors at an early date. There is a rumor that Div. 36 is preparing a magnificent entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be used for members in distress. No. 37 is like Englewood, very subdued and quiet, but there will be more life anon.

J.

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"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER IV.

RED HUGH BLOCKS THE CURLEWS.

Hugh Roe at the head of the rest of his army marched straight forward to the Curlews, going with his accustomed velocity and encamped on the northern slopes of the same. From Boyle two roads led through the mountains into Sligo. One of these was circuitous, rugged and easily defended. It was unlikely that Clifford would try to force the Curlews by this road, nevertheless Hugh blocked it with 300 picked men, pikes and guns, no cavalry. He himself leading the bulk of his forces, and a considerable body of churls bearing spades and axes, advanced from his camp along the direct road till he came to the blackened ruins of a castle which once commanded a gorge on the southern slope of the mountains. This castle had been erected by Bingham both for the defense of the Pass and as a fetter on the warlike MacDermot clan who occupied this region. Shortly after the breaking out of the war it had been stormed and burnt by the chief of this clan, MacDermot of the Curlews, a brave man, not at all so rude and wild as one might imagine, as the reader will discover later on.

At this point Red Hugh determined to fight with Clifford, and to that end ordered the erection there of a barricade with double flanks. This was early on the morning of the 15th, and at the time when Clifford was marching out of Roscommon along the road to Boyle. The morning was bright and fine, but the atmosphere was suspiciously transparent. From the mouth of the gorge, through a small opening in the trees, the walls, towers, and turrets of Boyle could be distinctly seen white and glistening in the sunlight. Red Hugh, who was on horseback, and surrounded by his chiefs and principal officers, stood still for a while, and regarded it intently. This young man, now for many years the terror of all Royalists in the West, was only 26 years of age, and even looked younger than he was, so clear and fresh was his complexion, so vivid his countenance, so alert and rapid was he in all his movements. Yet he was no boy, but already a skilful commander in the field, and a strong and resolute administrator. Then he bade his men fall to, and the adjoining woods rang with the noise of axes, and presently sounded with the crash of falling timber. Meantime the gorge was alive with spademen laboring diligently under the directions of the young chief's engineers, and gradually the barricade began to assume form. Once for all, let me warn the reader against the common and ignorant notion that the armies of the insurgent lords were rude crowds of what are vaguely known as kerne. They were armies in the proper sense of the word, armed, directed, and handled according to the best military methods in vogue at the time.

Shortly after noon the sky became overcast, and at two o'clock the rain fell, and continued to fall. At four there was a sound of the firing of heavy ordnance from the direction of Boyle; it was the garrison of Boyle saluting the army of the President. The flashes were quite visible. Red Hugh believed that Clifford, after a short halt, would roll forward again, and force the passage of the Curlews. The probability also was that he would advance by the direct road. Should he prefer the more circuitous rout, Hugh believed that the 300 planted there would be able to retard his advance sufficiently to enable himself to transfer his army by the nearest cross country ways, and fight Clifford upon that road at a point which he had already settled in his mind. Clifford, in fact, was not aware that Red Hugh was in this neighborhood at all; for Hugh had come from Collooney with extraordinary celerity. Clifford imagined that he had only to deal with MacDermot of the Curlews, Hugh's marcher-lord in this region. Behind the barricade Hugh's people stood under arms, the gunmen forward with matches already lit, behind them the battle, and on the wings kerne, i.e. light foot, armed only with swords and javelins. His few horsemen were posted under shelter of a wood on the right of the barricade. Presently the whole of Clifford's army reached Boyle, and instead of advancing, as Red Hugh firmly expected, entered Boyle, presumably for a short rest and for refreshment. Now, however, hour succeeded hour, and there was no sign of the emergence of Clifford's people from Boyle. On the contrary, as night fell, Hugh's scouts came in with intelligence that all the bugle notes heard in the town indicated that the Royalist army would pass the night there. The rain now began to fall in torrents, and the wind rose to a storm howling in the forest, and whistling round the crags of the mountain sides. It grew dark two hours before darkness was due. Red Hugh now determined to lead his army back to camp, leaving a force of gunmen to hold the barricade as well as they could in the event of a night attack. Such an attack might possibly be delivered, but was he to keep his army here all night under arms waiting for an assault which might never come? In that event his tired men would have to contend in the morning with Clifford's well rested and refreshed forces. Hugh was himself full of strategy, and tactical wiles and guiles, renowned for the suddenness of his onfalls and the celerity of his movements. He did not credit Royalist commanders with a talent for the execution of such strokes, and rightly. The Queen's armies, for reasons into which we need not now inquire, were slow in their movements, and their action could, as a rule, be predicted. Hugh bade the officer in charge of the barricade send a swift mounted messenger to him at the first sign of the approach of Clifford's men, bade the bugles sound retreat, and rode away with his army, winding darkling, through the wild Curlews.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN'S M'SWEENY.

Red Hugh did not succeed in bringing all his soldiers back to camp. Shortly after that sounding of the trumpets, there emerged from the woods on the right side of the barricade, three men wearing brazen morions, two with guns on their shoulders, who stepped down the slope swiftly, going in the direction of Boyle. The man who had no gun was a gentleman of the McSweeny nation. His name is unknown, but his purpose is well known. He was about to change sides and ally himself with the cause of the queen. He believed that his change of sides would be peculiarly welcome to the Queen's people just now, because he brought with him important intelligence He could tell them that the narrow gorge at the head of the Curlew Pass was undefended, that Hugh Roe, trusting to the blackness and wetness of the night, had marched back to camp, and that if they wished to do a good stroke upon him, now was the time.

No one can study the history of Elizabethan Ireland without being amazed and disgusted at the choppings and changings which marked the careers of nearly all the chieftains. Granuaile's son fought first for Hugh Roe and then for the Queen, and changed sides twice after that. His rival, the land Burke, now with Hugh Roe, was once a pillar of the Queen's cause in Mayo. Red Hugh himself, once the Queen's O'Donnell, and her sworn ally, is now in rebellion. His cousin Nial Garf, now in rebellion, will one day be a pillar of the Queen's cause in the northwest, and before the end of the war will be in rebellion again. O'Connor Sligo, now as a Queen's man blockaded in Collooney, will presently be Red Hugh's man, and in a year or two be a Queen's man again, so that Red Hugh will have to seize and imprison him and give his lordship to his brother. But in each case there is an explanation, and if one looks closely into the explanation one does not find the apparent treacheries so very surprising.

As for the deserters now stepping down the slopes of the Curlews, making for Boyle, whose red lights show through the darkness and the rain—why are they changing sides? The explanation is this:

Shortly after Hugh Roe arrived at the chieftainship, his foster father, McSweeny of the Battle-Axes, died. There were two candidates for that chieftainship, the son of Hugh's foster father, and the son of a former McSweeny, who was one of the most famous chieftains of his day, Murrough the Slow, a man grandly eulogized by the Four Masters. The name of the latter candidate was Miler McSweeny, and of the two, I believe he had the better right, according to Irish law and custom. But the custom being so often broken by the strong hand, was not paramount, and so Red Hugh manfully stood by his own foster brother and made him McSweeny of the Battle-Axes. He himself, Hugh Roe, was not O'Donnell by Irish law. There were others who had better claims. He was O'Donnell partly by the strong hand, and partly by Royal favor, for he began his career as the Queen's O'Donnell. He had therefore, naturally, no superstitious reverence for Irish law and custom which enjoined that the eldest of the clan regnant, whether nephew, son, uncle or cousin, should succeed to a vacant chieftainship. Accordingly, Hugh Roe made his foster-brother the McSweeny, and passed over Miler, son of Murrough the Slow. Miler, collecting his most faithful followers and kinsmen, rebelled, was beaten, and fled out of Tir-Connall. He and his then enlisted in the service of the Queen. The authorities promised him that after the overthrow of the usurping Hugh Roe, he should be McSweeny of the Battle-Axes. So he became a Queen's man heart and soul. He was with Essex in the Munster campaigns, and so distinguished himself there for valor and conduct, that Essex knighted him. He was now Sir Miler McSweeny, and one of the celebrated soldiers of the day. He had recently come from Munster into Connacht. He was a close friend of Sir Conyers Clifford, the President, and was, I believe, captain of his life-guard. Sir Miler McSweeny is now marching northwards, hoping to overthrow Red Hugh, to drive out the usurping McSweeny, and to rule in his stead over the lordship of which he had been so tyrannously deprived. The three men whom we saw deserting Red Hugh, are ancient friends or kinsmen of Sir Miler. Learning that he was so near, they resolved to take advantage of the darkness and rain, and join him in Boyle. No doubt they loved Sir Miler, and probably enough, like many soldiers, had various grounds of complaint against their own commander.

So these three men stepped from the slopes of the Curlews, crossed the dark wet plain, presented themselves to the sentinels at Boyle, and were led into Sir Miler's presence. To him they explained the situation. By him it was also explained to Sir Conyers and his officers, with the result that in a short time the bugles rang out, and all Boyle sounded with the noise of military preparation. In spite of darkness and teeming rain, Clifford's army got on march again, and rolled forward through the night towards the pass in the Curlew mountains, which, as we know, as now practically undefended.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LITERARY.

Home and Country for March is well illustrated and interesting in variety of contents. They comprise: "The Banshee," a story of the Irish ghost, by Violet Etynge Mitchell; "Hymns in War Times," their influence on the soldier, by Rev. James H. Ross; "Orchards of Pine," the resin forests of North Carolina, by Frank Donaldson; "A Golden Penny," an alchemic mystery, by Harrison D. Mason; "The Artist as an Advertising Agent," by Lumas Sorag; "Billy Mudd's Boot," a frontiersman's story, by Samuel A. Risley; "Read Your Bible," a love story, by Sophia A. Kane; "A Danger Signal. 'Stop,'" by William C. Crane; "A Night's Experience at Sandy Hook Lighthouse," by Marie De La Nois; "Serpent Worship and Its Mysteries," by Samuel Jaros; "Heroes of the Green Turf," life and duties of jockeys, by Thomas Pease. "The Great Metropolitan Journals, and the Men Who Make Them," by Samuel Jaros; "Educational Value of Toys," by Lawrence Bowen, and "Something About Figures," by Sidney Miller Rowles. "A Whistling Little Man," by Egbert L. Bangs, and "Baby Fingers," by John Fowler, as also other things in poetic vein, complete a very attractive number of this popular magazine.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

AS VIEWED BY AN ENGINEER.

Impressions of a Piano Solo From a Railroad Man's Standpoint.

"I was loitering around the streets one night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, to a reporter. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzzsaw, and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle way back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee.

"I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades 50 feet to the mile and not a controlling break set. She went by the meeting point at a mile a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be 1,000 years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

This Dog Knew Too Much.

Jack, an Irish setter whose home is in Maryland, has the regular duty of bringing the mail from the letter box at the gate, the house standing well back from the road. His family were anticipating a two weeks' visit to New York and proposed sending Jack to the country during their absence. Jack's wishes in the matter were not consulted, and he was not invited to take part in the discussion, but that he listened was proved by his actions. It was decided to start on a Tuesday evening, provided a letter were received by the morning's mail. It did not come, however, nor in the afternoon, when Jack brought up a whole batch, and to his satisfaction no one left home. Several days passed. Then a telegram came inquiring what was the matter. An exchange of letters disclosed the fact that the promised letter was written and should have been received when expected. A search, into which Jack was impressed, much against his will, discovered the missing letter hidden in a hencoop, and it bore unmistakable evidence that Jack had placed it there.

Now, it is not to be supposed that Jack could read or distinguish handwriting, so his keen nose must have recognized the writer, who was a frequent visitor, of whom he was very fond, but only from listening to the talk could he have connected that person with the plans for departure. This is the only instance of Jack's ever betraying a trust, but the sagacity evinced was so great that confidence in him was increased instead of lessened by it.—Demorest's Magazine.

In Every Line.

The poet Bryant, while editor of the New York Post, insisted that young poets should be sympathetically noticed in the book columns of the paper. Once a subeditor handed him a thin volume of poems saying that they were worthless. Mr. Bryant looked through the book and then said, "You might say that it is prettily bound and clearly printed."

The editor of whom this story is told also had a soft side for young men who would write poetry.

"Give me your candid judgment of these lines," said the young man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over, "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."—Youth's Companion.

The Power of Song.

The power of song is illustrated in a custom on the railroads of northern Florida. Whenever a train crosses the Swanee river the conductor announces the fact in each car. If any passenger has never heard "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," this particularization of the stream must seem peculiar, and the Suwanee is like a dozen other rivers in the same region, and these are passed without comment from the conductor. —Philadelphia Press.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch, Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE MAN IN A HURRY.

How He May Make Himself a Decidedly Unpleasant Person.

A stout and determined looking man with white chin whiskers, gray hair brushed severely back from his forehead and gold spectacles on his prominent nose entered a restaurant in Fourteenth street at the "rush" hour and strode rapidly to one of the tables at which there was a vacant seat. He hung a stout cane on the hatrack far up on the wall near the end of the table and was divesting himself of his overcoat when he happened to notice that the waiter was about leaving the table with orders for the other men.

"Hold on a minute, young feller, and take my order, too," he shouted. "Bring me some hash, with poached eggs on it, and a couple of sinkers and some coffee in a hurry."

Then he finished taking off his overcoat and tried to hang it on what he probably thought was a peg of the hatrack, but he hit on the end of his cane instead, and the coat flopped down on the floor, while the cane, after knocking several hats off the rack, fell on the head of a man near the wall and then bounded on the table with force enough to break several dishes and scatter coffee and gravy about promiscuously. The men at the table picked up their hats and began to say unpleasant things, but they were quickly awed to silence by the stout man, who declared with a foghorn voice:

"It's an infernal outrage for a man to keep such a rack as that in his place. If I was running this house, I'd see that there'd be decent arrangements for folks who patronized it."

Then he slammed his cane back on the rack, hung his overcoat on a peg and sat down to glare at the waiter, who cleared away the broken dishes and wiped up the spilled coffee and gravy with fresh napkins. Two minutes after the waiter had left the table the stout man began to grumble.

"I guess," he said, "that he has gone down town to buy the meat to make that hash with. He must have been born late in the day. I said I was in a hurry, and now I suppose he will take all day. If I don't get what I ordered right away, I'm going to leave."

Then the waiter came with the hash, sinkers and coffee, and the stout man made them disappear in a way that showed he was a "hustler." When his jaws had ceased to work, he yelled for his check and made a grab at his overcoat and cane. There was another shower of hats from the rack, but the man in a hurry did not stop to pick them up. He evidently was too angry to say more. The other men did not try to detain him, but one of them said:

"That man must have been born before daylight."

There were some expressions of assent to the remark, and then another man rounded it off with the declaration, "And he is trying the best he knows how to make other men wish he never had been born at all."—New York Tribune.

Disposing of a Difficulty.

Judge Kent once in a very sensible and summary fashion disposed of a quibble such as lawyers so often set up in defense of their clients. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that it consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping and then introducing his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value.

It was claimed by prisoner's counsel that inasmuch as he never actually entered the tent with his whole body he had not committed the offense charged and must therefore be acquitted.

The judge in reply to this plea told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved.

The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offense of burglary.

The judge therefore sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the state prison for two years, remarking that, as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.—Green Bag.

Early Efforts at Making Cook Stoves.

Doubtless some form of cooking stove has been used from a very early period. Previous to 1745 the stoves of all kinds used in America were imported from Holland or Germany, but in that year a stove was invented by Benjamin Franklin that was a great improvement on all that had preceded it. In 1771 he continued his inventions in this line and produced a stove for burning bituminous coal which consumed its own smoke and another which, after being filled at the top, could be inverted and made to burn from the base. Between 1785 and 1795 several improvements in stoves, ovens, heating and cooking apparatus were made by Count Rumford, and as early as 1798 his soapstone lined ranges had been introduced in New York and were coming gradually into general use. —St. Louis Republic.

A Hard Times Story.

A young negro girl was met by an old negro woman, and the usual salutations, with by questions as to the health and happiness of the families, were passed. "Does you' mammy still take in washing?" asked the older. "Yes'm," replied the younger. "She been doing washing for Mr. Blank down here at Mrs. —— boarding house, but he says times is too hard to have clothes washed, and I danno what she gwine to do now."—Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.

A Comparison.

He (from Boston—very musical)—Wagner's works are simply grand!

She (from Chicago)—Oh, you ought to see Pullman's!—National Car and Locomotive Builder.

A Big Lobster Pound.

There is a lobster farm, or pound, as it is called, 12 acres in extent at Southport, Me. This pound is the most successful on the coast, whence 1,000,000 lobsters are shipped each year. The pound is formed by building a solid dam across a tidewater cove. This dam does not quite rise to high water mark, but across the top is placed a fence of iron rods, permitting a daily change of water and preventing the lobsters from escaping. In the spring and fall business is most brisk.

When the fishermen bring the lobsters to the pound, the "fish," as they are called, are hoisted to the dam, measured, and those which are more than 10½ inches long, the legal limit, are thrown in. If a lobster is clever, his life in the pound may be long and full of joy. If he is stupid, he will be fished, out with a drag seine and packed in a barrel, with a piece of ice for a pillow, and sent to Boston. The seine is made of stout twine and is weighted at the bottom with a heavy chain. Along the top is a row of corks, which sustain the weight of the seine while the chain drags on the bottom of the pound.

A single cast of this seine will bring up lobsters enough to fill 11 barrels. The chain as it sweeps along the bottom stirs up the lobsters, which immediately shoot backward into the slack twine. In taking them out the men wear heavy mittens, though even then they are often nipped. In the pound the lobsters are fed on salt herring, men rowing about in skiffs and pitching the herring overboard. This is called "feeding the chickens," and it takes about six barrels to make a light luncheon for the flock.—Boston Globe.

Still Free to Think.

A woman was summoned before a magistrate in Scotland for slandering her neighbor. She was fined a guinea or 14 days' imprisonment. She paid her fine and then asked the court if a person risked imprisonment for thinking.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate.

"Very well, then," screamed the lady, "I think just the same about her character yet!"—Manchester Guardian.

A Guilty Paper.

Tibbs—Speaking about journalistic courage, I can name a paper which has more grit than any other, and one which you would hardly think of either.

Dibbs—What paper is that?

Tibbs—San paper.—London Judy.

HIS NECK IN PERIL.

Sensation in the Trial of Heath at Fresno.

ACCUSED OF A DASTARDLY DEED.

The Accusation Is Supported by the Testimony of a Dying Woman—Damaging Evidence Rescued from Fire by the Roadside—A Mask and a Telltale Handkerchief—The Defendant a Member of a Prominent California Family.

FRESNO, Cal., March 27.—Some testimony was given in the trial of R. S. Heath here which created a profound sensation. Heath is on trial for the murder of Louis B. McWhirter, which occurred over a year ago. On the night of the murder McWhirter was aroused from sleep by a peculiar noise in his back yard. He went out to investigate and was shot by an assassin. McWhirter was a prominent lawyer and politician. Suspicion was immediately drawn to McWhirter's political enemies. The detective who worked up the mysterious case gathered enough evidence to warrant the arrest of Heath. Heath belongs to a prominent family and is the son of General Heath.

A Dying Witness in Court.

He was tried several months ago, the jury disagreeing, his second trial now having been proceeding several weeks. One of the strongest points in the case against him was the fact that several witnesses had seen him in a buggy with a companion driving rapidly out of town shortly after the hour at which McWhirter met his death. Mrs. Palmer, an estimable lady residing near this city, was brought into court yesterday upon her bed, she being in the last stages of consumption. Mrs. Palmer did not appear as a witness in the previous trial.

Saw Heath the Fatal Night.

The witness stated that on the morning of the McWhirter murder she was bringing her husband into Fresno to take a train which leaves here at 2:30 a. m. She met a short distance from town a quickly-driven buggy containing two persons, one of whom was Reed B. Terry. The other she did not recognize. Just before meeting the buggy some blazing rags had been thrown out of it, and as she passed she noticed that the dry grass by the roadside was being ignited.

BETRAYED BY HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

Bad Evidence for the Accused Picked Up on the Road.

She stopped, alighted, and stamped out the flames. She stooped and picked up the half-consumed rags, one of them proving to be a mask and the other a handkerchief upon which was the name of "R. S. Heath." The handkerchief and mask she saved and produced as evidence. Her testimony created great excitement in court, the prisoner being visibly baffled.

Terry makes a strong denial of the truth of this testimony, denouncing it is a part of an infamous conspiracy to blacken the reputations of a number of Fresno gentlemen, himself included. Terry gives a circumstantial account of his doings on the night of the murder, saying he took Judge Harris' friend home to Salvo to stay with him and they slept together. He knew nothing of the murder until told next morning by Detective Hume. He thinks Mrs. Palmer is demented.

The accused man is well known throughout the state. He is a prominent lawyer and was a leader of the political faction opposed to McWhirter. Terry is a nephew of Judge Terry, who was killed by Marshal Nagle as he was about to assault Justice Field, of the United States supreme court, several years ago. He ran for congress in the Sixth district on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated.

Effect of the Cold Snap.

CHICAGO, March 27.—From dispatches received here the effects of the phenomenal cold weather of the past three days are summarized as follows: In Texas potatoes and oats were killed and fruit seriously injured. In Illinois fruit and vegetables were badly frost-bitten. In Ohio the fruit is reported killed. In Tennessee tobacco and fruit are killed and wheat injured; same in Kentucky; same in Georgia. Fruit is killed in Indiana to a great extent, especially in the north. In Missouri all fruit except late apples is killed. Little damage was done in Nebraska except to stock. In Michigan fruit has been damaged, but how much is not known.

By the Way, Where Is "Paul Jones?"

PITTSFIELD, Mass., March 27.—Three young English journalists who left Derby, England, Feb. 6, walked to Liverpool and embarked on the Cephalonia, working their passage to Boston and arriving March 8, in the attempt to make a penniless trip from Derby to Monterey, Mexico, and return to Liverpool by March 17, 1895, with $5,000 earned on the pedestrain trip, left here for Albany, by the highway.

Prendergast Threatened Washburne.

CHICAGO, March 27.—In the Prendergast case the state's attorney requested a continuance for ten days on the ground that the state's attorney's office is not at present financially able to go on with the case. Ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne said that during his term of office he received a letter from Prendergast threatening his life because of refusal to give the assassin a city position.

Illinois Smallpox Report.

SPRINGFIELD, March 27.—The state board reports the following cases of smallpox in Illinois from Jan. 1, 1894, to date: Chicago, 277; St. Clair county, 5; Clinton, 1; Pike, 1; Sangamon, 1; Livingston, 1; Will, 6; Peoria, 2; Union, 1; Madison (at county farm at Edwardsville), 15; Dekalb, 1; Kane, 1; Harvey (Cook county), 2; Braidwood, 1. But few cases were fatal, however.

C. and E. I. Schedule Must Stand.

CHICAGO, March 27.—After a conference between President Carpenter, of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road, and the chiefs of the labor organizations Chief Arthur announced that Carpenter declared the new schedule of wages must stand, but consented to discuss the rules.

Kanawha Valley Miners Go to Work.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., March, 27.—All of the miners of the Kanawha valley have resumed work. About 5,000 men are now employed. There is no trace of the recent bloody disturbances left here.

Found a Tramp's Dead Body.

QUINCY, Ills., March 27.—A farmer about nine miles out reports finding the dead body of a tramp lying frozen in some timber.

EFFECT OF THE FREEZE.

Fruit Ruined and Wheat Damaged—Tennessee Strawberries Gone.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 27.—The cold wave reached its climax with a local temperature low point of 10 degrees above zero. As a result reports are coming in from all directions of a complication of the damage previously done by the cold to fruits, etc. The statement is now general that the crops of berries and fruits given an early start by the recent warm weather are now an absolute loss. Following are some of the dispatches received by the Post Dispatch:

Marshfield, Mo. — The temperature dropped to 20 above zero, and ice was an inch and a quarter thick. Peaches are entirely killed and apples are damaged considerably.

Tamaroa, Ills.—Fruit trees througouth Perry county are ruined by frost and cold weather. Nurserymen and farmers predict a complete crop failure.

Grayville, Ills.—The mercury was 18 degrees above zero. This means hard freezing and damage to the wheat. All wheat that is jointing will be killed.

Bonne Terre, Mo.—A temperature of 21 degrees below freezing point has completed the destruction of all fruit buds. The damage will aggregate many thousands of dollars.

Nashville, Tenn.—The entire strawberry crop of Tennessee was killed. Considerable attention is paid in this state to this and other fruits, and the loss will be heavy. The preceding warm weather, by the advancement of growth, added to the damage.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

The Works Wrecked and Five People Hurled into Eternity.

PITTSBURG, March 23.—The dynamite works of the Acme Powder company at Black's Run, a mile and a half above Hulton, on the Allegheny Valley railroad, were destroyed by an explosion. Five persons were killed and one badly injured. The works were blown to pieces and buildings in the vicinity of the works wrecked, windows broken and the people within a mile of the works terrorized. Of those killed three were men and two women. The names of the dead are: Nellie Remaley, Mollie Remaley, Sadie Remaley, William L. Arthur, Samuel Remaley. Mrs. William Arthur was badly injured. The five killed were at work in the packing house. Mrs. Arthur, who was injured, was in a dwelling house near the works. The house was literally blown to pieces, and Mrs. Arthur was found among the debris.

The bodies of Mollie Remaley and William Arthur have not been found. The bodies of Sadie Remaley and Samuel Remaley were terribly mangled and were gathered up in a box. So far as now known the five persons killed were all who were in the works. The works are owned by E. B. McAbee & Co. of 806 Duquesne way this city. Terror reigned in the vicinity of the works. At Logan's Ferry, a mile away, a brick block was badly damaged, and at Hulton, Oakmont and Verona houses were shaken. Nothing remains of the works except one small building.

LIQUOR BILL PASSED.

Iowa House of Representatives Votes for a $600 License Fee.

DES MOINES, March 22.—The house has passed the original liquor bill by a vote of 53 to 45, after voting down a motion to substitute the Democratic license measure. The bill provides for a tax of $600 on the property of persons carrying on the business of selling liquors and for the payment of the tax quarterly in advance in localities where 65 per cent, of the voters, by petition, have signed their willingness to allow such payment.

The payment of the tax is to be a bar to prosecution under the prohibition law. The sales of liquor are not legalized and a failure to pay the tax brings down all the present penalties for violation. No sales are to be made on Sundays or between the hours of 10 p. m. and 5 a. m. Sales to minors, drunkards or graduates of Keeley institutes are prohibited. No music, games, tables, or attractions will be allowed and no female persons shall be employed around places where liquor is sold.

DES MOINES, March 22.—The senate substituted the house mulct bill for the Carpenter liquor bill and passed it by a vote of 26 to 24. The bill giving women the right to vote at school and municipal elections was passed by the house—yeas, 51; nays, 44.

DEATH OF SENATOR COLQUITT.

He Succumbs to Paralysis After Two Years of Suffering.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Senator Alfred Holt Colquitt, of Georgia, has passed to the majority after two years of suffering from progressive paralysis, during all of which time he attended to his duties in the senate, being wheeled into the chamber nearly every day in an invalid chair. He was surrounded at death by his family and a few friends and passed away quietly. The funeral was held this morning in the senate chamber.

He was born in Georgia in 1824; graduated at Princeton college, New Jersey, in 1844; was admitted to the bar in 1845; emerged with the title of major from the Mexican war; served in the Thirty-third congress; was a member of the Georgia legislature in 1859; served in the Confederate army and was commissioned a major general; was governor of Georgia from 1876 to 1882, and in 1883 was elected as a Democrat to the United States senate and re-elected in 1888 to serve until March 3, 1895. He was stricken with paralysis in July, 1892.

Not Contrary to Law.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.—Judge Butler in the United States circuit court decided that the sugar trust did not act contrary to law when it absorbed the Philadelphia sugar refineries. Shortly after the consummation of the big sugar deal the government brought suit for the purpose of having the trust dissolved on the ground that the combination was contrary to law.

Most Raves About the Situation.

BOSTON, March 26.—The Boston anarchists held a field day with Johann Most as chief marshal. He maintained that a social revolution was bound to come: that when the time was ripe it would not break out in isolated spots, but would be a universal outbreak. He was loudly applauded.

Will Resume Operations.

PEORIA, Ill., March 26.—The Hanna wagon works, which have been shut down for several months, will begin operations on an extra order which will keep them running all summer. Wages were reduced, however, below those formerly paid.

COXEY IS ON THE MARCH

HIS ARMY OF THE COMMONWEAL LEAVES MASSILLON.

The National Colors Carried at the Head of the Procession by a Negro of the Well Known Name of Sam Johnson—Carl Brown Rides a White Horse.

CANTON, O., March 26.—The army of the commonweal of Christ left Massillon a little ahead of schedule time. As the column passed through the public square of the city of its birth there were just 123 people on foot, in wagons or horseback. The national colors were carried at the head of the column by Sam Johnson, a Massillon negro well known for his moral fear of work. Carl Browne came next,

CARL BROWNE.

mounted on a splendid white horse weighing nearly 2,000 pounds. He wore high top boots, corduroy trousers, a buckskin jacket, a fur overcoat and a big sombrero. Doc Kirkland of Pittsburg was close behind with two aids. Then came Coxey in his phaeton, with a negro coachman driving a spirited team. Mrs. Coxey, her little son Legal Tender, and her sister, Miss Jones, drove with them to the first stop.

The Great Unknown.

A light running gear, having a speaker's platform, was next. It is to accommodate Carl Browne and his panorama illustrating his harangue against the national banking system as the monster of the age. Lew Smith, the great unknown, headed the section of footmen. He is the man who made such an incendiary speech in Massillon that he was not allowed to speak the second time. People in the crowd the first time he spoke thought he was Fielden, the Chicago anarchist, and so announced. He replied: "I am the great unknown and must remain so." He is handsome, commanding and well dressed and maintains good discipline. Seventy-four footmen followed. They were a sorry-looking lot and if not regulation tramps they belie their appearance. Of course a few of them had the appearance of good citizens, but they were almost lost in the crowd. The men mounted on good horses were a much better looking lot. A covered wagon accommodated the band of fourteen members. Two wagons accommodated the tents and a commissary, and an ordinary farm wagon loaded with horse feed brought up in the rear.

Feast of Loaves and Fishes.

The first stop was made at Reedurban, and here, according to the scriptural idea which Browne introduces wherever possible, there was a feast of loaves and fishes —rye bread, canned salmon, and sardines. After an hour's rest the order to fall in was given. There were some recruits by this time—a dozen more horsemen—and probably 150 marched through the city and to Camp Lexington, just outside of the city, where the night was spent. Marshal Browne says that the name, age, residence and occupation of every member is enrolled, together for a satisfactory reason for enlisting. The list was not open to the public gaze, but Browne indignantly denies that there is a single tramp in the company. He says the party at Reedurban is simply the Chicago commune, and the others will join in camp and along the route. Coxey is elated with the start and says a grand success is now assured.

COOKED THE MORNING MEAL.

The Commonweal Army Takes Breakfast After a Night in Canton.

CANTON, O., March 26.—Contrary to expectations the twenty-five women, wives and daughters of People's party men of this city, did not turn up at the camp grounds of the commonweal army on account of the weather, and consequently the men were obliged to hustle for themselves, as far as their breakfast was concerned. At 6 o'clock in the morning the camp was turned into a veritable Valley Forge. Small groups of men could be seen shivering in every limb trying to obtain shelter from the freezing blasts which came from the west. Two-thirds of the men who started with the army had taken lodging in the city prison, but at an early hour they began to gather at the grounds to get their rations.

Some difficulty was experienced in getting men who could use the cooking utensils to advantage, but finally at the east side of the tent gasolene stoves were set up and the morning meal commenced. The donation, which consisted of one dozen boiled hams, 200 loaves of bread, five bushels of potatoes, baked beans and an abundance of other eatables, were soon utilized and everybody was thoroughly satisfied as far as his stomach was concerned. Fortunately the abundance of supplies prevented the tramps from getting into any altercations over how the stuff should be divided, and for the first night out everything passed off harmoniously and the prospects seem flattering to the men, notwithstanding the cold weather.

At 10:30 preparations were made to get dinner and strike camp so as to be on the road at 12 o'clock. It is probable that the only trouble which will be experienced will be from the tramps who will not work and want all they can eat. Those who slept under the dilapidated tent were asked how they passed the night, and they said that with utilizing the horse blankets and straw were able to sleep fairly well. Stark Siding, one mile east of this city, a favorable rendezvous for tramps, added a new squad numbering about 50 to the army.

Death of Louis Kossuth.

TURIN, March 21.—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is dead. He had been critically ill for several weeks and his death had at one time been reported. His last illness, considered in connection with great age of 92 years, left little hope from the time he was stricken that he would recover.

Fire at Poplar Bluff, Mo.

POPLAR BLUFF, March 26.—Fire here destroyed eight building, including Neal's hotel and Randall's grocery house. Loss $50,000, insurance $26,000.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH.

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

MURPHYSBORO, Ills., March 23.—Another horrible chapter in connection with the somewhat famous Goodman dam in Union county has begun and the end is not yet in sight. Kennedy Grace, a hunter, saw an object floating in the deep waters that are held back by the Goodman dam. As he suspected, it proved to be the body of Thomas Robertson, who has been missing since the evening of Feb. 28, and who was supposed to have been killed by a posse organized by the sheriff of Union county to surprise and capture the conspirators who were known to intend cutting the dam that night. Three men suspected of having accomplished Robertson's death are under arrest. The coroner's inquest has begun and is still in progress.

Many Prominent Men Involved.

The testimony of Charles Whittacre implicates many prominent men besides Sheriff Rich and his deputies. He swears that the sheriff and almost his entire posse were drunk on the evening of the attempted cutting of the dam, and made no effort to capture Robertson, but fired on him with intent to kill. Witnesses claimed to have heard several men say they knew they had shot Robertson and that they saw him fall. Interested persons on both sides of the question had attorneys present at the inquest and a bitter fight is inevitable. The excitement over the affair is intense. Robertson's body was badly decomposed, and an examination by the jury showed no positive evidence of wounds. An autopsy is being held by physicians from Grand Tower.

DISCHARGED THE PRISONERS.

Three Train Wreckers Escape Punishment on a Clearly Proven Charge.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., March 26.—Bert Brown, Willis Parks, and L. Anderson, who were recently arrested at Ullin charged with wrecking Illinois Central train No. 3 at that point, were arraigned before Justice Varney of Mound City on a change of venue from Justice Traver. The wreck occurred Nov. 6, 1893, killing the fireman and two tramps. Strong testimony was brought to bear against the prisoners, State's Attorney Bradley and Judge Green being assisted by P. J. O'Keefe, special agent of the road.

Several farmers testified as to the appearance of the prisoners at the Ullin switch before and after the wreck. Brown himself confessed his complicity in the crime, and Parks and Anderson admitted their share in the diabolical plot, which they said was committed in a spirit of fun. Notwithstanding the strong case made Justice Vareney discharged the prisoners and was roundly hissed by the spectators in the courtroom. The state will seek to indict the men on a charge of conspiracy and murder, and will receive assistance from the railroad company.

New Illinois Railway.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 26.—Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state for the Chicago, St. Louis and Cairo Railroad company, capital stock $9,000,000, to be constructed from Chicago to East St. Louis or St. Louis, thence to Cairo, Alexander county, Ills. The principal office is to be maintained at Springfield. The incorporators are Morris R. Lock, Prentiss D. Cheney, and A. W. Cross, all of Jorseyville; D. H. Donovan, Chicago, and Gearge A. Saunders of Springfield.

Illinois Smallpox Report.

SPRINGFIELD, March 27.—The state board reports the following cases of smallpox in Illinois from Jan. 1, 1894, to date: Chicago, 277; St. Clair county, 5; Clinton, 1; Pike, 1; Sangamon, 1; Livingston, 1; Will, 6; Peoria, 2; Union, 1; Madison (at county farm at Edwardsville), 15; Dekalb, 1; Kane, 1; Harvey (Cook county), 2; Braidwood, 1. But few cases were fatal, however.

Says the Men Talked About Her.

LEWISTON, Ills., March 26.—Miss Eva Weese, a school teacher, has sued Franklin P. Wood, Joseph E. Lengenfetter, H. A. Brown, and John Eveland for slander, laying damages in each case at $10,000. Miss Weese says these men talked about her and she will make it hot for them.

A Pioneer DeKalb Man Dead.

DEKALB, Ills., March 28.—Hon. Harvey Allen, ex-mayor of KeKalb and one of the city's most prominent men, died after a protracted illness. He was 73 years of age and had been a resident of DeKalb county for nearly fifty years, being one of the first white men to settle in this part of the state.

Illinois Crops in Splendid Condition.

SPRINGFIELD, March 24.—The state board of agriculture has issued a bulletin of the condition of crops on March 20. Since the last report, Dec. 1, the improvement in the condition of the crops has been great, and they are in splendid condition.

Thirty-six Years for Murder.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., March 23.—The jury in the trial of David Price, who murdered Robert Reed at Alton Junction in June last, has found the defendant guilty of murder and fixed his sentenced at thirty-six years in the penitentiary. He is 34 years of age.

Arbor Day in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, March 26.—Acting Governor Gill has designated Friday, April 13, as Arbor day and issued his proclamation to that effect, declaring the same to be a legal holiday.

Murdered by Highwaymen.

ST. LOUIS, March 27.—A special from Llano, Tex., says: Captain H. Dunn, superintendent of the Olive iron mines, while going from this place to the mines, was murdered by highwaymen about six miles from Llano and within two miles of the mines. He drew about $800 out of the Iron City National bank to meet his weekly payroll and started for the mines. This was the last seen of him alive. His body was found lying in the road. The robbers also secured Dunn's watch and revolvers. There were from two to four men implicated in the affair.

The New C. and E. I. Schedule.

DANVILLE, Ills., March 26.—The engineers, firemen and trainmen of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railway held their regular meeting here. In the matter of the new schedule it was decided to leave the final determination with the committees.

HIGGINS DIED ALONE.

EXECUTION OF PRENDERGAST POSTPONED TO APRIL 6.

He Walked to the Scaffold with a Firm Tread, His Nerve Holding Out to the End—Scenes in the Jail Before and at the Time of the Execution.

CHICAGO, March 24.—Thomas, alias "Buff" Higgins, was hanged here alone at 12:08 o'clock, Judge Chetlain, in special session of court having postponed the execution of Prendergast until April 6 in order to examine into his sanity.

The awful march to the scaffold began shortly before 12 o'clock and was a scene never to be forgotten by one who had viewed the pathetic spectacle.

Higgins marched in his casual, somewhat shambling gait, but his step was firm, though his face was pale when the procession reached the north corridor in full view of the spectators. The sheriff and Jailer Morris marched directly upon the gallows and were immediately followed by the doomed man and the

THOMAS HIGGINS.

priests, Higgins being brought to a stop directly beneath the noose. In a few deft movements the sheriff and jailer bound the prisoner's feet, his arms already having been secured behind his back, and the rope quickly placed around his neck and the deathcap adjusted. The drop fell at 12:08. The man's neck was evidently instantly broken. As the clatter of the falling trap rang through the cell corridors the prisoners raised a yell "Hang Prendergast," "Hang Prendergast."

Trembled with Rage and Fear.

The little assassin crawled further into the corner of his cell where he sat trembling with rage and fear. Prendergast would have nothing to say about the hanging, and seemed overcome with terror by the sounds accompanying the execution which he so narrowly escaped. Two deputies steadied the swaying form, but there was an absence of struggling and contortion, only three convulsive moves and twitching being apparent during the entire time up to 12:17 when the doctors pronounced Higgins dead. At 12:23 the dead man was lowered into the coffin and hurriedly conveyed outside the jail to the undertaker's and the custody of his relatives. Higgins left with Father Dore a little testament to be presented to Johnny Boggiano, a jail restaurant boy. Upon the flyleaf in a bold hand was the inscription: "In memory of Thomas J. Higgins who died on ——." A blank being left for the date of the execution.

The Murder of Peter McCooey.

Thomas Higgins, alias "Buff" Higgins, the sobriquet having been given him to distinguish him from two other Higgins, cousins of his, was born in Ireland in 1871, and is therefore but 23 years of age. Early on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 3, 1893, Peter McCooey, a laborer, was murdered in his bed by a burglar in his house at 153 Johnson street, this city. McCooey was a man past the middle age in life. When disturbed by the burglar in his room he sat up in his bed. The intruder shot him without speaking a word. The bullet entered McCooey's breast and he fell back on his pillow dead.

Arrest of Higgins.

Four hours after the shooting patrolmen of the Maxwell Street Police station discovered Thomas Higgins staggering along Jefferson street near Polk apparently drunk. When they approached him he disappeared under a sidewalk and emerging from there ran into an alley where he was caught. Higgins was taken to the Maxwell Street Police station. The day on which he was arrested he made a confession to the police and also admitted his guilt before the coroner's jury. He afterward repudiated the confession, saying they had been forced from him by the officers who beat, kicked and cuffed him after making him drunk and compelled him by constant abuse to sign a confession when he was in a condition unable either to fully realize what he was doing or to resist the officers.

HOW PRENDERGAST ESCAPED.

His Execution Ordered Postponed to Examine Into His Sanity.

CHICAGO, March 24.—Judge Chetlain in special session of court postponed the execution of Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison, for two weeks, fixing the date April 6. The hearing before Judge Baker commenced in the afternoon and continued until night, when, in the absence of Judge Baker, Judge Chetlain heard the arguments. It was nearly 10:30 before the attorney concluded the opening speech, and Judge Chetlain decided he could properly take the case up. He then announced the decision extending the time of execution of the sentence two weeks, and setting the commencement of the trial of the question of the prisoner's sanity for Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Assassin Prendergast's Case.

CHICAGO, March 26.—By agreement between the attorneys the hearing on the question of assassin Prendergast's insanity was postponed till Tuesday.

During the arguments for a continuance the prisoner became very obstreperous.

Tough on the Bank.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., March 23.—There is a religious war on in Marshall, this county. The Catholics allege that A. V. Weston, a bookkeeper in the First National bank, is a member of the A. P. A., and threatened to withdraw their funds if he was not discharged. Weston was dismissed and now the A. P. A.'s in the place all threaten to take their money from the bank.

Rosebery to Mary Princess Maud.

NEW YORK, March 23.—A London cable to The Sun says it is learned from an authorative quarter that the queen and Prince of Wales have given their consent to the marriage of Rosebery with Princes Maud of Wales and the official announcement may be expected any day.

Eleven Years for De France.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 26.—Stonewall De France, the convicted forger, was sentenced by Judge Buck to eleven years at hard labor in Jackson prison.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

A contract has been let for a new $12,000 schoolhouse at Elwood, Ind.

A bolt of lightning at Cumberland, Ia., killed J. C. Basisto and a horse and cow and knocked several persons senseless.

The Congregational and Presbyterian church organizations of Hamilton, Ia., have united and formed a church organization called Bethel church, and they will erect a fine church edifice.

The female employes of the Standard Silk mill, Phillisburg, Pa., are escorted to and from work by deputy sheriffs, and several rioting strikers whose places are filled by the girls were arrested.

W. H. Shaw, deputy United States collector at Louisville, was acquitted by a jury on the charge of violating the civil service law.

Reece Woods of Ottumwa, Ia., was arrested on the charge of attempting to kill Albert Skinner. Both were farmers and quarreled at a dance.

* * *

Greencastle, Ind., police captured the gang of burglars that recently raided Center Point, Ind.

The general western headquarters of the American Cereal company, controlling all large oatmeal mills in the United States, will be removed from Cedar Rapids, Ia., to Chicago.

Ed McDonald and Albert Johnson were arrested at Arkansas City, Kan., for the assassination of Frank Williams.

Charles Mork, arrested for attempted train wrecking, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary at Waukegan, Ills.

Soren Nelson committed suicide at Racine, Wis., by hanging himself in a barn while temporarily insane.

Twenty persons are now said to have lost their lives in the storm which swept over Texas, while 100 were injured.

Nearly seven inches of rain fell at Memphis in thirty-six hours. Much damage has been done by floods.

Six members of the family of Herman Thuron, living near Plano, Ills., are at death's door from eating uncooked sausage.

* * *

In the case at Champaign, Ills., of Lena Lingrun against the Illinois Central railroad for the death of her husband the plaintiff was awarded $5,000.

The Canadian government is making wholesale reductions in the staff on the Welland canal.

Moy Lee was fined $300 at Indianapolis for maintaining an opium den in the rear of his laundry.

William Morrissey of Beardstown, Ills., stabbed and killed Elizabeth Church, a woman of the town, who had dismissed him after supporting him through the winter.

South Africa is having the hottest summer known for fifty years.

Harry Hill, who was to be hanged April 13, at Plattsmouth, Neb., has been granted a stay until the supreme court reviews his case.

Miss Conybeare, who has been traveling in Canada, where she spent some time as Lady Aberdeen's guest, was imprisoned in Derry jail for feeding evicted tenants at Donegal, Ireland.

An unknown man attempted to assassinate Chief of Police Oden at Lebanon, Ind.

* * *

Remains of Oscar Pflock, who was murdered in Toledo last December, were found in the river. It is thought a gang of sailors killed him.

The body of William Arons, bookkeeper for the Standard Drug company of Cincinnati, who disappeared a week ago, was found in the Clifton basin. He probably committed suicide, but the reason is not known.

Tony Mullane's wife has ordered him arrested at Cincinnati for contempt in not paying her alimony.

Albert Paul has been arrested at New Albany, Ind., charged with forgery and elopement.

New postage stamps are to be issued in Japan in commemoration of the silver wedding of the emperor and empress.

Dr. Chapman closed his religious revival at Decatur, Ills. One thousand people signed confession cards.

Richard Prince, a farmhand, was killed at Harvey, Ills., by a fall from a freight train.

Secretary Smith has approved the application of "Pawnee Bill" for a loan of thirty-five Sioux Indians to be exhibited at the Antwerp exposition.

* * *

Giles, Clough & Co. will build another glass factory at Redkey, Ind.

Judge Caldwell, the Republican candidate for mayor in Cincinnati, is the author of the measure which provides that the American flag shall not be disfigured nor used for advertising purposes.

James McFarland of Danville, Ills., killed himself in his room in a hotel at Franklin Grove. He was in poor health.

Professor Seeley, Lord Rosebery's first selection for knightly honors, is best known as the author of "The Expansion of England" and "Ecce Homo."

Major John E. Burke of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show fame, is to marry. The lady is said to be Mille. Corinne le Cœur, who was in charge of the French exhibit in the Manufactures building at the World's fair.

Presbyterians of Pittsburg deny that W. P. C. Breckinridge was an elder in the Presbyterian church. He is the son of the great Presbyterian theologian, Rev. Dr. Robert Breckinridge, and, being a Presbyterian by preference, has frequently been honored by the church on social occasions.

I Was Very Nervous

During the spring. My appetite was poor, my bowels in bad shape. I had no strength, could not sleep even when I was tired, and when I got up in the morning I felt more tired than if I had walked 20 miles. In fact, had no energy at all. I was urged to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and can say what thousands have said before, that it worked wonders for me—gave me strength, appetite, vigor and energy for work. I feel now that life is worth living. I am so grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla that I feel it my duty to write this voluntarily." EDWARD O. DOHERTY, Dover, N. H.

Mr. Doherty.

Be sure to get HOOD'S, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Charley's Uncle."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE "SMART" AMERICAN-IRISH.

John Paul Bocock—"Phœbus, what a name!"—is out, or will be out, in the April *Forum*, with a long, loud wail about the "Irish Conquest of Our Cities." Whose cities, John Paul? If the Irish have "conquered" the cities they belong to the Irish, therefore they cannot be John Paul's cities. These non-Irish Americans, of the Bocock class, make fools of themselves when they write about Irish-Americans as foreign conquerors. The people who conquer must certainly exhibit more ability or prowess than the conquered, and, in making the fact patent, John Paul and his like simply advertise their own inferiority. John Paul's school of "philosophers" are always insisting that we are "all Americans." If we are, why should they growl because a particular branch of the great American family is "smarter" than all the other branches put together? John Paul says oracularly, "It is hardly necessary to point out that the Irish in America constitute a small percentage of the population." John Paul, you villain, you lie. What between the Protestant Irish of the last century and the Catholic Irish of this, "the Irish" constitute from one fourth to one third of the American people. This is, of course, counting their descendants, who are numbered by millions. The Irish, whether Protestant or Catholic, John Paul, are a prolific race. They have large, old-fashioned families, and can increase and multiply five-fold more rapidly than "Saxoneens," like John Paul Bocock—again that name!—with their "cold and sapless bones." Cromwell got Ireland down to a million souls. William III, forty years later, found them a million and a half. At the period of the Union, one hundred and ten years later, they numbered nearly, if not quite, five millions. In 1843, they reached the magical aggregate of 8,750,000, or thereabout. Since then in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 have come to this country. Think of *their* increase, not to mention those who came before that period! John Paul can find them everywhere—not in the cities alone, but everywhere in America. And what a lonesome country this would be without them! What healthy, vigorous men. What magnificent women! No false hips, false busts, false teeth or false hearts—everything genuine about them, including a numerous and wholesome progeny, when they take on the cares of wifehood and maternity. Only for the Irish, the Germans and the Scandinavians—not to mention other races—the alleged "American" race would be in a grievous plight. It is the copious interjection of "foreign" blood, particularly of Irish blood, that has made this American nation the great and powerful nation that it is. Yet John Paul Bocock would fain make out that they are mere "aliens" who have conquered an oppressed country! Now, THE CITIZEN holds, as it has always held, that America belongs to the Celts as much as to the Saxons—to the Irish much more than to the English. The former have been its consistent friends—the English its consistent foes.

But John Paul Bocock has a grievance. The Irish govern all "our" great cities. Well, suppose they do? What cities are better governed? New York is a thing of beauty. Chicago is a thing of might. So are all the cities of America, the Irish are alleged to govern, models of comeliness and of strength. Ah, this base passion of jealousy! How the English—the "Anglo-Saxon"—interest in this country shakes with it. The beaten, persecuted, despised, expatriated Irish leave the seed of their conquerors and persecutors and maligners behind in the race of political life, when they get an equal chance. Aye, there's the rub. The Irish are intellectually superior to their rivals, and the latter cannot forgive them for the superiority which they themselver virtually acknowledge. But let us hear from Squire Bocock, the sorrowful:

"In the five great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston more than one-fourth of these newcomers find homes. More than one half of them settle in fifty of the principal cities of the United States. To what extent is it true that this minority of the Irish-Americans rule the leading cities of the United States? Among the cities led captive by Irishmen and their sons are New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, Troy, Pittsburg, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

"It is in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard that the Irishman begins the process of becoming an American, that he finds office-holding, in person or by proxy, both easy and profitable. To Chicago he gravitates naturally, the seaboard once left behind; and Pittsburg and Buffalo are stages on the journey. From Chicago he pushes on toward San Francisco, pausing the while to test his prowess in Detroit, Omaha, Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Milwaukee and Cincinnati appear still to be German-American strongholds. * * * The late Mayor Harrison's death at the hands of an Irish assassin caused the election of John P. Hopkins, a native of Buffalo. His secretary sends me the following list of the mayor's subordinates: The present chief of police of Chicago, M. Brennan, was born in Ireland fifty-two years ago; the city treasurer, M. J. Bransfield, was born in Ireland forty-six years ago; the chief of detectives, John D. Shea, was born in Chicago forty-six years ago (evidently of Irish parents.) * * * In New Orleans John Fitzpatrick is mayor, and the police force has long been under Irish control. Mr. Noonan, who was mayor of St. Louis, has recently been succeeded by Mr. Walbride, but the Irish-American machine is full of vigor in St. Louis today. The chief of police is Mr. Lawrence Harrigan, 'born in Ireland;' the chief of detectives is Mr. William Desmond, and the director of public works is Mr. Robert E. McMath.

"The mayor of Dubuque is Mr. Dougherty; of Fall River, Mr. Coughlin; of Holyoke, Mr. Dennis Farr; of Los Angeles, Mr. Rowan; of Rochester, Mr. Curran; of Savannah, Mr. McDonough; of Scranton, Mr. Connell, and of Troy, Mr. Dennis Whelan. The chief of detectives of Kansas City is Mr. Moran; the director of public works, Mr. Peter H. Tiernan. To extend the list it may be added that the 'Police and Prison Cyclopædia,' published last year, shows that the chiefs of police in the following cities and towns have decidedly Irish names: Atlanta, Ga.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Burlington, Iowa; Cairo, Ill.; Carbondale, Pa.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; Duluth, Minn.; East St. Louis, Ill.; Eau Claire, Wis.; Haverhill, Mass.; Joliet, Ill.; La Crosse, Wis.; Lawrence, Mass.; Manchester, N. H.; Melrose, Mass.; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Oswego, N. Y.; Passaic, N. J.; Portsmouth, Va.; Peublo, Colo.; Quincy, Ill.; Saginaw, Mich.; San Francisco, Cal.; Spokane, Wash.; Trenton, N. J.; Waterbury, Conn.; Ottawa, Ill., and St. Johns, N. F."

Mavrone! Mavrone! but this is awful! What is going to become of the country at all, at all? The English have always maintained that the Irish were "incapable of self-government." This, of course, is a "thumping English lie," as Father Tom Burke used to say, for political purposes. Yet, it would seem that the Irish have, at least, some genius for governing themselves "and others"—particularly the others—and there's where the shoe pinches. The "others" don't like it, but cannot help themselves. When they learn to be practical citizens, like the American Irish, and vote at every election, like men and brothers, they may do better. As a matter of fact, the non-Irish and anti-Irish growlers in this country think themselves made of too fine material to bother with the franchise. The Irish put on no such airs, and more power to them. We would glory in their spunk if the majority of them didn't vote the English Free Trade ticket, nationally, and thus help their ancient, persistent and insatiable enemy out of her difficulties. If, as Bocock alleges, the Irish govern America, we hope that henceforward they will govern it according to true Irish instinct and American interests. Then, indeed, they will get fully even with those who yelled after the expatriated millions of the famine years, "The Celts are gone with a vengeance."

A SHAKY BANK.

The Bank of England, vied for centuries in its robust temperament with the constitution of the British Empire. It could never totter or collapse. It was as firm and impregnable as the Rock of Gibralter or the highest pyramid in the dusky land of Egypt. No financial upheaval could shake it. No crashing ruin of the biggest of banks could undermine its solid foundations. No earthquake of stock exchange could touch it even with a forty-foot pole. It was irresistible, indomitable, invincible, and so forth.

Recent events have proved that all these protestations were the merest wind, bunkum and flummery. A financial writer on the London *Standard* was the first to strike the keynote of alarm about the instability. The directors of the bank indignantly denied what they contemptuously called "the scribe's baseless fabrications." The British public immediately got over their uneasy alarm at this official denial, and last week, however, the tide has once more turned, and now the "scribe's baseless fabrications" have become facts—undeniable and unquestionable facts, for it was then announced by the head director himself that the bank's trusted cashier had swindled that impregnable institution of no less an amount than £250,000, or in American currency $125,000,000. At a meeting last week of the directors of the Bank of England a statement was submitted by Mr. Powell, the governor of that establishment. Mr. May, the defaulting cashier, he said, was removed, though allowed to resign—how tender they were to the scoundrel's feelings—for exceeding his authority, and committing great irregularities in regard to making advances to several customers. The cashier made rash and disastrous speculations on the stock exchange with the money entrusted to him by the bank and sought to repair his losses by drawing a considerable overdraft which was also lost in speculation.

This is a proof that the bank is in a tottering condition. There will certainly be a multitudinous raid of petty speculators on it in a day or two. The sum missing is so enormous that the bank will hardly be able to satisfy the immense drain on its resources. It shows how rotten is the financial condition of England.

DEATH OF DR. RAUCH.

Dr. John H. Rauch, a former Chicago physician of international reputation, and particularly famous as a preserver of the public health, died suddenly at the home of his brother, in Lebanon, Pa., on Monday. He was 66 years of age, and death is supposed to have resulted from disease of the heart. As a cholera fighter, Dr. Rauch had probably no superior on this continent. He at one time occupied the positiou of health commissioner in this city, and, subsequently, was at the head of the health department of the state. His latest service was reudered to the national commission, at the time of the cholera scare in New York.

THE "GLORIES" OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

An English writer, Dr. Johnston, who has traveled into savage lands where the British missionaries are trying to spread their bibles and rum-bottles, has given the public an impartial book dealing with his tour in those benighted climes. He is justly severe for instance on the untruthfulness and exaggerations which characterize too many reports of the spread of Christianity among the savages. In particular he takes the wind out of Bishop Taylor, who spoke in grandiloquent language of the teeming fertility of Africa.

Dr. Johnston denies most emphatically the alleged fertility. Its fertility and productiveness, he thinks, are grossly overestimated. The advent of such civilized nations as the English has not been an unmixed blessing this Englishman confesses. "Alas!" he cries "for the vices of the nominal Christian!" Waste of resources and misdirection of energies enter into the indictment which Johnston brings against many of the missionary agencies, and his contempt for the paltry ritualism of the universities' mission on the island of Lokoma on Lake Nyassa is not disguised. To sum up it is the dawn yet in Africa, but it will be a good time before the day comes. The worst feature of civilization is that rum goes steadily with the Bible, and the unfortunate natives are more brutalized than ever by the cursed English compound. So much for the glories of British progress.

BEST AND BALL.

Henry Best is making a thoroughly active canvass for the South Town assessorship which he has held for one term. Anything Henry doesn't know about campaigning isn't worth learning. William T. Ball, popularly known as "Billy," is making a great fight for the North Town assessorship, in which he has already given satisfaction.

THE CITIZEN has deep regret in calling attention to the obituary of Mr. William J. O'Connell, topographer of the United States geological and railroad survey, which occurred recently in Washington, D.C. Mr. O'Connell was one of the most promising young men in the country, and his death is a terrible shock to his family and friends. He was eldest son of J. D. O'Connell, of the bureau of statistics, Treasury Department, one of the most widely known Irish-Americans in the United States, and one of the truest Irishmen that ever drew breath. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to the afflicted household.

THOSE trans-Atlantic anarchical oddities who are treating the public of London and Paris to a display of fireworks gratuitously, some of which go off, and some of which don't, number one hundred, all told—we mean the active and desperate element. There are thousands of anarchist bomb-fiends on the platform who would not touch a hair of your head. They are as meek as sucking doves, bless their good souls!—their tongues are the only portions of their anatomy afflicted with the virus of anarchy. These are the dreamers like Prince Kraptokin, the Russian nihilist and refugee (which have long since become synonymous terms), and Elisee Reclus, the scholar and scientist who, although not a justice of the peace, married his two daughters to two socialists. Strange to say, the union of these couples has been a happy one, and is fruitful of a numerous progeny.

THE Hon. John W. Corcoran, late of the Boston, Mass., Circuit Court, has formed a co-partnership in law with the Hon. P. A. Collins, American Consul General to London, England. Their offices are at suite No. 107, Ames building, Boston. During the absence of Gen. Collins at his post, Judge Corcoran will have charge of the business of the firm.

THAT most fair ladies are as unfit as ever for the holding of municipal and parliamentary appointments is instanced in the fact that one of the first mayor-women made a fool of herself in the transaction of her first public duty. Mayor Madam Yates of Onehunga, New Zealand, made such astoundingly severe and ridiculous rules that four of the male councillors immediately retired, unwilling to live under the yoke of petticoat government.

ERASTUS WIMAN is accused of forgery. This sanctimonious British-Canadian was so loyal to Queen Victoria that though he lived in this country for thirty years, he never took out his papers as an American citizen.

MR. THOMAS LONERGAN, one of the original stockholders and directors of the Hibernian National Bank of this city, died at his residence in the West Division, on last Saturday at the age of 70 years. He was originally a contractor and soon accumulated wealth. Mr. Lonergan was a quiet man of business, and rarely ever mingled in politics or public life of any kind. His personal character was amiable, and he was generally respected. He leaves a large family of grown up sons and daughters, mostly residents of this city.

WHO in the name of commonsense gave Editor Stead the right to speak for Christ? This individual has actually written a book about our city's slums, entitled "What Christ Would Say If He Visited Chicago?" He thus insolently poses as the apostolic vicar and representative of the Savior on the sublunary sphere. Salt should be put on Stead's tail, and he should be shipped over to London where he will find more pestiferous vice than that which he encountered in this city.

THE provisional government of Hawaii is going to pension off the ex-queen of that country. Grover did not dare to send a message to congress suggesting a pension to a woman who admitted that if she got back to power she would cut off the heads of President Dole and his colleagues.

THE English are ill-liked in Egypt. The *Daily News* correspondent writes to his paper to the effect that "passing by the Kaer-il-Nil I saw an Arab boy deliberately fire his catapult at an English soldier, hitting him above the left eye, and drawing blood. On my attacking him in turn, and demanding his reason, the exclaimed: 'Our Lord Allah wants all the English killed!'" He is a patriotic Egyptian boy.

THE *Rosary* will begin it its new volume, which commences with its May issue, the publication of a serial tale by Mr. Eugene Davis, entitled "A Noble Victim," a charming idyll of Provence, the sunny and fragrant land of song and romance, of martial cavaliers and singing troubadours.

T. FISHER UNWIN, London, has published the "New Spirit of the Nation" as one of the volumes of the Irish Library. The editor divides the history of the *Nation* into three periods of which the one terminating with Davis' death was the first. The next was ended with '48. The third began in '49 and ended in '55. It is to the productions of the poets of these two latter periods that the editor devotes his attentions. Among them are included T. D. McGee, C. G. Duffy, John O'Hagan, M. McDermott, Ellen Mary Downing, Arthur G. Geoghegan, D. F. McCarthy, Mrs. Varian, Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, J. de Jean Frazer, Lady Wilde, M. R. Leyne, Mrs. Hope Connolly and J. Cashel Hoey. This is as bright a volume of Irish poetry as was its predecessor.

SOUTHERN gallantry is now undergoing a severe test in the law courts of Washington. The Breckenridge-Pollard scandal bids fair to ruin the gallant record and the impeccable "honah" of at least one Southerner. Yet, one swallow does not bring the summer, just as to every rule there are always some exceptions.

MARGOT TENNANT is an eccentric woman. About 30 years of age, she has a tongue, a vocabulary and a choice collection of risky stories of an unrivaled order, which command the utmost favor in eclectic circles of society in London. The puzzle is she is such a bewitching creature that everybody permits her the greatest license. She is a wild and untamable colt. She is independent in means and rigidly virtuous. Whatever questionable story she tells her friends, they only say: "Oh, that's nothing—it's only Margot." She had the choice of Lord Rosebery's hand some time ago, but refused it, as she could not love him. She became recently engaged to the so-called Radical Asquith, the English home secretary in the Rosebery cabinet, of whom she fell desperately enamored. If any man can tame this shrew veritably it is the man of whom she is so ardently fond. Asquith is the venomous little creature who keeps the bolts and bars closed against the Irish political prisoners.

WHEN the poet-banker Stedman heard that the Episcopal bishop of New York, Dr. Potter, was advocating the founding of a Westminster Abbey in this country, he sent word to his lordship that he should be most happy to kill off the first ten poets to fill the Poets' Corner. Such plucky patriotism ought to be admired. Let us have such an institution, but let us not call it an "abbey"—it would be like acting the ape to the English monkey; and our American spines would not bend to such a humiliation.

TELL it not in Gath—neither preach it from the housetops of other cities. There is another crisis in England of far more importance than the recent ministerial one. The master of the queen's horse—we shudder to think of it!—has just resigned; but it is a consolation to know that the keeper of Vic's buckhounds is still on deck. The poor (?) little old lady is terribly upset over the resignation of the master, who received a more profitable job elsewhere. She says he was *so* like the dear defunct John Brown in that he was a personality that could never be replaced.

HON. WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, chamberlain of the Papal household, and knight of the helmet and sword, was entertained at dinner by the Columbus club Thursday evening.

THE citizens of Chicago, and the people at large, will be glad to learn that Mr. Lazarus Silverman, the veteran banker of this city, who failed during the financial panic of last summer for $1,780,000, is again in charge of the estate and declares his intention to pay in full. Judging by Mr. Silverman's record, during his long financial career in Chicago, THE CITIZEN has no doubt that he will succeed in his laudable purpose, and it heartily wishes him success.

THE news that the Dr. Kneipp has gone to Rome to treat the pope, and that he will be enabled to give the pontiff a lease of a decade of years is interesting for more reasons than one. Now that he has cured a member of the Rothschild family, and a princess of the exiled House Orleans, there is a certain amount of probability may be attached to the power he has of prolonging human life.

WHEN John Bull's tail is twisted to an unendurable extent by any savage or semi-savage power on the face of the globe, the first thing he does is to start up a dismal squeal. Then the English preachers call God's vengeance down on the curs who would dare bite the calves of the noble Englishmen who have gone out to civilize and Christianize them. Then reinforcements go out, and old Vic, quaffing her Scotch whisky, weeps a few harrowing and maudlin tears over the "hawful" catastrophe!

THE Radical wing composed of Labouchere, Storey and another who are opposed to Rosebery simply because he is a peer, are like the three tailors of Tooley street. Rosebery apologized for having been a lord. "It was my misfortune, and not my fault," he said.

HON. JAMES L. MONAGHAN.

Mr. James L. Monaghan, candidate for West Town Assessor, on the Republican ticket, is one of the best known of the younger generation of our citizens, who have devoted some of their time to the public interests. He was born in Philadelphia, April 10, 1854, and graduated at the Central High School in that city. After leaving that seminary, he read law for three years, and was actively engaged in practice, when his health demanded outdoor life, and he became connected with railroading. He was elected grand chief of the National Switchmen's Association and served until 1888, when he was elected a member of the 36th General Assembly of Illinois, and made a splendid record while serving in that capacity. He, however, refused a second term, and was appointed deputy coroner by Henry L. Hertz. In this position, Mr. Monaghan displayed his usual ability, and had charge of some of the most important cases that ever came within the scope of the coroner's office. Mr. Monaghan is at present cashier in the office of the comptroller of Cook county—a position that brings forth all his ability as a financier.

Mr. Monaghan, owing to his large experience in public affairs, will make a model assessor of the West Town, and his election by a large majority is a foregone conclusion. He has resided in the West Division for more than twenty years, and lives at No. 778 South California avenue. He is a married man and has two children living. Mr. Monaghan has always been a staunch Republican, and has upheld the banner of his party gallantly in many a well-contested struggle. He is extremely popular with his Democratic fellow-citizens, in spite of his partisanship, and will draw largely from their vote at the polls. In addition to his political and business qualifications, Mr. Monaghan is a man of comely and dignified presence, and is an excellent public speaker. As an active worker, he has few, if any, rivals in this city, and he will leave nothing undone to score a victory.

EASTER SERVICES.

Solemn pontifical mass was celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Name at 10:30 o'clock, with the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan as celebrant. Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons and Rev. J. M. Scanlan officiated as assistant deacons with Rev. J.P. Dore. Rev. N. J. Mooney was deacon of the mass, Rev. J. S. Finn subdeacon, Rev. P. J. Muldoon master of ceremonies and Father Harrington assistant. The features of the musical programme were the processional for organ and orchestra with Professor William Middleschulte at the organ; the postludium, Bach-Hellmesberger's fugue in A minor for organ and orchestra and the offertory, Regina Coeli, sung by a quartette consisting of Mme. Francisca Guthrie Moyer, Miss Kate Coffey, Adolf Ernst and F. A. Langlois. The sermon was delivered by Rev. T. Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College.

Solemn high mass was celebrated at 10:30 o'clock at St. Malachy's church, Walnut street and Western avenue. Rev. D. Luttrell was celebrant; Rev. T. P. Hodnett, deacon; Rev. S. F. Woulfe, subdeacon. Rev. J. J. Code preached the sermon. Among the numbers on the musical programme were: "Aspergus Me," Leyendecker; a contralto solo by Miss Maude Atkins, "O Salutaris," Cherubini; the offertory "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod, by Mrs. G. Katzenberger, and Millard's "Veni Creator," by a quartette consisting of Mrs. Katzenberger, Miss McCormick, Joseph Suess and T. J. Amberg. Professor L. Kretzlow was director, and E. J. Hitchcock, organist.

The chief service at St. James' Catholic church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, opened with Cherubini's grand mass and the choir sang Gounod's "Regina Coeli." Handel's "Alleluia Chorus" was sung at the close. Frederick Archer was at the organ and the choir was composed of Miss Reilly, soprano; Miss Tomlins, alto; Mr. Burton, tenor, and Mr. Wade, bass. The altar cross was illuminated with 100 incandescent electric lights.

The oldest Catholic parish in the city, St. Mary's, whose church is at Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, was thronged at high mass at 11 o'clock. The musical programme's special features included a violin obligato by J. Siegmund and an alto solo, "O, Salutaris," by Miss Alice Coffey. Mme. Calve, Mme. Domeneck and M. Plancon, of the Grand Opera Company, in accordance with Catholic custom, worshipped in the church of the parish, in which they have their temporary residence.

Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kearns, assisted by Rev. Fathers Gallighan and Byrne, at St. Patrick's Catholic church, Desplaines and Adams streets, at 10:30 o'clock. The choir gave Pacini's mass, the following soloists taking part: "Miss Millie R. McKnight, soprano; Miss Nellie T. Cahill, contralto; August E. Dasso, tenor, and William F. Ryan, basso.

At St. Jarlath's church, Hermitage avenue and Jackson street, high mass was celebrated, with Rev. T. E. Cox as celebrant, Rev. T. F. Cashman, pastor of the church, as deacon, and Rev. T. P. O'Connor subdeacon. Haydn's mass was sung by an enlarged choir. Dr. Tibbetts was at the organ and Dr. G. F. Gfroerer conducted the musical service. The vocal solo by Mrs. Tierney and Bach's serenade for the violin played during the offertory by Professor Grube were notable features. Thirty acolytes took part in the celebration of the mass. Floral decorations of the altars produced a very fine effect. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father O'Connor.

The Church of the Holy Family, on Twelfth street, the largest Catholic church in the city, was crowded to the doors at the Easter solemn high mass. The three large altars were brilliantly lighted and elaborately decorated with cut flowers, while over the main altar in a crown of flowers were the words "Jesus," "Maria," "Joseph."

HENRY L. STUCKART.

Henry L. Stuckart, a widely-known citizen, is a candidate for the South Town Assessorship, and has been active in local politics for many years. He, at present, is one of the representatives of the Sixth ward in the city council. Mr. Stuckart is a very able business man, and has devoted himself chiefly to the lines of hardware and furniture. He is very popular with all his fellow-citizens, including the Irish-American element, with which he has been associated during most of his life. Of German origin, he inherits the social qualities of his kindred, and is recognized as a man of the people throughout the community. Mr. Stuckart is in the prime of life, and is making an active campaign.

C. O. F. ENTERTAINMENT.

Manning Court, C. O. F., gave a brilliant entertainment and reception Easter Monday evening, at Zenieschek's hall, North and California avenues. The hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate those who assembled to witness the performance, and participate in the festivities of the occasion. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, and a farce in one act, by J. M. Morton, entitled the "Irish Tiger." The features of the evening's entertainment were the rendition of the "Heart Bowed Down," by J. J. Flood, and the fine character acting of Mr. P. M. Keegan and Mr. Paul Armstrong. Mr. Flood has a voice of great volume and sweetness. He responded to an enthusiastic encore with that most exquisite of all Irish melodies, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Both selections were rendered with taste and expression, and he threw into the performance a great deal of individuality. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames B. A. Lavin, Jr., Paul Armstrong, William T. Griffin, John Mangan, John Armstrong, Blum, John Sweeney, J. Carmody, F. Connery, J. B. Heaney, D. E. Fitzgerald, A. H. Oppergeldt, P. M. Keegan, Misses Cady, M. Armstrong, Maggie Armstrong, Mamie Flood, Angy Flood, Mamie Foley, M. Tansey, A. Pendergast, A. Christopher, H. Heaney, Messrs. F. Heaney, J. J. Flood, T. Heaney, William Brunton, Charles Black, R. Ristow, Joseph Lammers, M. F. Bowler, J. B. Pallasch, W. J. King, Weber, Carson, M. Ryan.

ST. PATRICK'S ECHOES.

Celebrations by Patriotic Irishmen at Ivesdale and Danville, Ill., on the 17th Inst.

Nashville Irish-Americans Did Not Forget Ireland's Patron Saint.

At Ivesdale, Ill.

[To the Editor.]

"A Soldier of Fortune" was played at the A. O. H. Opera House on St. Patrick's eve, by the Home Talent Dramatic club, before a large and appreciative audience. Following is the cast of characters:

Col. Fitznoodle.....J. E. Duggan
Mr. Patroni.....Frank Cavanaugh
Mr. Belmont.....J. O. Leehan
Cyril Clifford.....Frank Carr
Dr. Fargo.....John Doyle
Freddie Belmont.....John McShane
Snowball.....J. R. Hannon
Barney.....W. M. Skeffington
Miss Agnes Belmont..Miss Sarah Doyle
Miss Ida Lovell....Miss Mary Gallivan
Miss Precilla Peterson.Miss Katie Lynch
Musician.....Miss Ella Sloan

The play was free from all objectionable features and was first-class in every respect. It proved beyond a doubt that there is an abundance of talent among our boys and girls, which, were it encouraged and developed, would bring them pre-eminently to the front. The entertainment was under the auspices of the married ladies of the parish, and the proceeds will go towards putting a window in the new church.

After the play was over Rev. Father O'Brien delivered a lecture on "Ireland and her Faith." He spoke of the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick, and of how her people remained true to the Catholic faith through trials and persecutions, and, though other nations fell away from the faith, she preserved it intact down to the present day. He spoke of the time when she was styled "The Island of Saints and of Letters," when all Europe acknowledged her profound learning and piety and sought instruction in her schools and universities. He eulogized her as being instrumental in spreading the Catholic faith by example and by the indefatigable labors of those saints and doctors she has contributed to the church.

The new church is nearing completion, and is indeed a beautiful structure. When completed it will be one of the finest churches outside of Chicago. The interior will be furnished in the latest style, including a marble altar, and will cost about $40,000. Great credit is due Father O'Brien for being able to carry on a work of such magnitude, beginning in disastrous times, when such a thing as a loan was not thought about. The people also deserve credit for their generosity and for the cheerfulness with which they responded to the call of their pastor during the trying interval.

FELIX SLOAN.

At Danville, Ill.

Hon. M. C. Quinn, of Peoria, delivered a lecture in Danville, Ill., on St. Patrick's Day. His effort seems to have pleased the public amazingly, as the following from the Danville *Democrat* proves:

"The lecture at the opera-house Saturday evening was attended by a large audience, every seat being occupied. Had it not been Saturday evening the building would not have accommodated all who would have sought admission. The subject was "Americanism; True and False." Hon. M. C. Quinn, ex-State Senator, of Peoria, was the speaker, and he made friends of all his hearers because he was thoroughly American—fair, candid and convincing in all his utterances. The audience showed its hearty approval of the statements given his hearers effecting the subject under consideration. There was a noticeable absence of sentiment in his arguments, and facts sustained by history and statistics were the strong points that carried his auditors with him. It was not only a lecture, but an appeal to the good common sense of the citizen as to his duty towards his country. There was nothing said in the slightest manner to reflect personally upon any one, and whatever was intimated as a criticism upon our erring "patriots" was said in good humor and with a tinge of charity.

"The lecture was in beautiful contrast with some that have been delivered in our city, and one which we are sure will set people to thinking as to which is the most manly course to pursue in considering the question of the duties of the American citizen towards his country and his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Quinn is to be complimented on his honorable way of handling the subject, and credit is due the citizens who were instrumental in securing the services of a man who is so fair in his statements and ideas. Such a course in treating the matter of politics will commend itself to the silent force that preserves our country and institutions, namely, men of intelligence and honor."

At Nashville, Tenn.

St. Patrick's Day was never more generally observed in Nashville than this year, though in a very quiet way. There was no big parade, but the green ribbon fluttered from the lapel of many a true-hearted son or grandson of Erin, and about every third man wore a bit of green somewhere. Few candidates failed to remember that it was the 17th of March. It was an ideal day, and the streets were all day full of people. No more delightful weather could have been furnished for the occasion.

The members of the Hibernian Benevolent Society met at their hall in the morning under the marshalship of P. F. Cleary and Eugene Lynch and marched to the Cathedral to attend high mass. The officers of the society were in front with the American flag on the right and the Irish flag on the left of the procession. Mass was celebrated with music and solemnity at 10 o'clock, after which was delivered a very learned discourse by the Very Rev. Father Gleason, Vicar General, bearing on the life and labors of St. Patrick in Christianizing Ireland. The members then repaired to their hall on Union street, where a sumptuous repast was spread before them.

President James Killelea delivered a short address on the objects of the society from its organization to the present time. He stated that during the twenty-five years the society had existed it had paid out for sick and funeral benefits, charitable purposes, yellow fever and other sufferers, the sum of $25,000, leaving the society still in a splendid financial condition. He hoped it would continue for many years to do good in the future as it has done in the past.

J. W. Johnson was chairman of the entertainment, with M. J. Martin as master of ceremonies. The following toasts were prepared and responded to in their order by James McGowan, M. J. Martin, John Brady, M. J. Laffey, P. J. Flanagan: "Our Society," President James Killelea; Recitation, John Brady; "The Day We Celebrate," M. J. Martin; Recitation, J. F. McGowan; "Benevolence of a Society," M. J. Laffey; "Our Adopted Country," P. F. Cleary. After several happy hours spent in social reunion the meeting adjourned by singing "God Save Ireland," with cheers and enthusiasm. There was a hearty wish expressed on the part of the members that many such reunions be held.—*Nashville American.*

THE IRISH SOLDIER TO COLUMBIA.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Columbia, agra, just bear awhile
With a soldier of the rank ank file,
A native of the Emerald Isle,
Your uniform adorning,
Who comes his poor respects to pay,
In the good old democratic way,
And wish you on St. Patrick s day
The very cream of the morning,
And ask you, ma'am, if you would wear
Amid the glory of your hair,
Right in that nest of Cupid there,
This emblem of his sireland.
Fed by soft winds and heavenly dew
Wept down from skies of deepest blue,
This simple sprig of shamrock grew
Near the very heart of Ireland.

You now have royal beaux, aroon,
Who flash about you late and soon,
Like stars about the Summer moon,
Outrivaled by your glory:
But in the days when you were young,
And sleuth hounds on your footsteps hung,
And royal lovers gave them tongue,
'Twas then a different story:
But in those dark and bloody days
Old Ireland rose beyond the seas
And backed your throne-upsetting ways
In the face of rack and prison,
And gave you all she had, asthore,
Strong arms, true hearts, and love galore,
And cheered you from her "sea-beat" shore
Till all your stars had risen.

When you had sprung from war's alarms,
"Jack Barry" took you in his arms,
And smiled to see your budding charms,
On a cold St. Patrick's morning;
He wrapped you in his flag, and said,
"When thrones are mouldered, monarchs dead,
Amid the stars you'll hold your head,
Their petty kingdoms scorning!"
Montgomery was standing near,
While on your pleased and list'ning ear
Rang dragoon Moylan's charging cheer,
While the shamrock was adorning
That curl-crowned head and brow of thine,
While along the Continental line
That cheer was passed with nine times nine,
On that St. Patrick's morning.

You may forget those misty things
Which Time has shaded with his wings,
And yet from out those shadows springs
Your brightest, highest glory;
When Jackson fought at New Orleans,
And by his side the "Jasper Greens,"
You were a maiden "out of teens,"
And may forget the story.
Your olden foe had come once more
To trail you as in days of yore;
You met him on the sounding shore,
And dared the haughty foeman!
And Jackson shook your banner free,
And swore, "By the Eternal, she
Shall hold her course o'er land and sea,
And cringe or stoop to no man."

And in your fullest womanhood,
Sure Ireland's sons about you stood
And freely poured their warmest blood
For you, their second mother,
Where'er, along the battle tide,
One of your own boys charged and died,
An Irishman was by his side,
Like brother unto brother.
Tho' sundered in the public mart,
You cannot tell their graves apart—
Two in race, but one in heart,
For God and godlike freedom!
Whene'er the dread occasion come,
And war should glower above your home,
Lo! at the rattle of your drum
They're ready when you need 'em,

Your cheeks like reddest roses blow,
Your eyes with bright traditions glow,
Your bosom, whiter than the snow,
Can dare the world's inspection:
In looks, in acts, in pride, in mien,
You seem like Nature's free-born queen—
Darling, a little bit of green
Would suit your fine complexion.
—*Irish World.*

FARMS FOR THE MILLION.

The marvelous development of the States of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, within the last few years has attracted attention in all parts of the world. It is not necessary, however, to search far for the causes of this wonderful growth, for this entire region, which is penetrated by The North-Western Line, teems with golden opportunities for enterprising farmers, mechanics and laborers who desire to better their condition. Here are lands which combine all varieties of soil, climate and physical feature that render them most desirable for agriculture or commerce. Rich rolling prairies, capable of raising the finest quality of farm products in luxurious abundance, can still be secured at low prices and upon most liberal terms, and in many cases good productive farms can be purchased for scarcely more than the yearly rental many eastern farmers are compelled to pay. Reaching the principal cities and towns and the richest and most productive farming districts of this favored region The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) offers its patrons the advantages of ready markets, unexcelled train service, perfect equipment and all the comforts and conveniences known to strictly first-class railway travel. Maps, time-tables and general information can be obtained of ticket agents of connecting lines, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Rifi,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIS LEANAMHAIN.]

Ann sin do labhair Conán, agus is é dúbhairt, "Taithnigheann do chómhrádh liom, agus tá aghadh na firinne air a bh-fuil tu rádh, agus rachfaidh me leat do'n loing má ghealleann tá mo sháith bidh agus dighe dham."

Is a h-aithle sin éirigheas Conán agus gabhus a sgeith agus a dhá shleagh agus a chloidheamh, agus do bheir léim lúthmhar, láinéadtrom, go ndeachaidh chomh fada leis an loing. Agus chuaidh asteach innti, agus budh h-áluinn i le feicsint, oir ba mhór an lán óir agus ionmhus agus liag lóghmar lanshoillseach do bhi innti, agus fós neithe ba annsa na sin leis, .i. mórán de bhiadhaibh saora, so-chaithte, agus gabhus Conán ag ithe agus ag ól air a dhithchioll, no go raibh se sáthach saibhlionta, agus ann sin d'eirigh sé air chnosach na loinge agus sgairteas air Ghoil agus air Dhiarmuid agus air chách elle mar an g-céadna, agus dubhairt leo teacht do'n loing. Gabhas Diarmuid ag toirmeasg an turuis sin rómpa agus nior ghabh siad an toirmeasg sin uaidh, agus do chuadar do'n loing gan mhoill, agus ba h-iongnadh leo na seóiridhe agus an saidbhbheas do chounarcadar innti, agus do cuireadh chuca a n-dóthain de gach uile chineál bidh blasta agus deágh-dhighe.

Ann sin do labhair Diarmuid agus is é dubhairt:

"Gidh carthanneach thusa linne, a óig-laogh, do thug an cuireadh so dhúinn, ni bh-fuairceamar d'ainm no do shloinne uait fós, no cá tir no cá treibh duit."

"Lomnochtainn Sléibhe Rife m'ainm," ar an t-oglaoch, "agus is as criochaibh áille Africá dham."

"Is beag dá'r g-cáirdibh anns na criochaibh sin," ar Diarmuid; "oir is minic do thugamar ann ár agus easbadh; agus do loisgeamar a n-dúnta, agus a n-deághbhailte; agus is iongnadh liomsa aon duine as na criochaibh sin do theacht le maitheas dá'r n-ionsughadh."

Thug an t-oglaoch grian agus easgadh, na mara agus na tiortha gur bh-fior gach nidh d'á n-dúbhairt sé.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The St. Michael's Library Association held a reception Easter Monday night in St. Michael's school hall for the benefit of the new annex to the school buildings. A fine dramatic and musical programme was given.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of All Saints' church gave an entertainment in South Side Turner Hall on last Wednesday evening. Rev. Father O'Brien, of St. Columbkill's, lectured on "For God and for Country."

A novena in honor of St. Joseph began in the Church of Notre Dame last Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, closing April 4, when the feast will be celebrated. A sacred relic of St. Anne will be exposed and venerated in the church the two last days of the novena.

The annual reception of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society of the Cathedral parish was held in North Side Turner Hall last Friday evening. Besides the usual programme, Hon. Washington Hesing delivered his popular lecture on "Rome."

A solemn triduum began in the Holy Family church Friday morning, closing Sunday night. It is given in thanksgiving for the beatification of Blessed Anthony Baldinucci, S. J., and the martyrs of Salsette. There was a sermon on each of the three days, by Rev. Father Calmer, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. Solemn high mass at 9 o'clock on Friday and Saturday mornings.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The Seventh Infantry will take part in the usual Decoration Day parade, at the head of the First Brigade, I. N. G.

The regiment will have a reunion at the Armory this (Saturday) evening.

Hereafter recruits will be kept on probation sixty days before being sworn, during which time their character and associations will be inquired into. By this means the officers of the regiment hope to get none but the very best men, physically, morally and intellectually.

HYMENEAL.

BOYLE-O'BRIEN.

The wedding of John P. Boyle and Miss Grace O'Brien was celebrated Wednesday morning at St. Elizabeth's church. Rev. D. J. Riordan, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large assemblage. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Irene O'Brien, who was maid of honor. P. L. McArdle was groomsman. The bride was attired in white moire en train, with garniture of pearl. The maid of honor was in yellow satin brocade, trimmed with pearl and gold passementerie. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents. Only relatives and a limited number of friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Boyle have gone South for the wedding journey.

Arbor Hill, Iowa.

Arbor Hill, a town in Iowa, and a new Irish settlement, was visited by our agent, Mr. P. Ferron, while on his canvassing and collecting tour through that State. THE CITIZEN wishes the settlers of that enterprising town happiness and success in their new homes, and returns its thanks to Edward Kelly, one of the most prominent inhabitants of the place, for his efforts in behalf of this paper and his kindness to our representative.

Nashville, Tenn., Irishmen.

The Hibernian Benevolent Society, of Nashville, held its regular meeting on March 18, and the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: James Killelea, President; James Mulloy, Vice-President; Garrett H. Stritch, Recording Secretary; James Carney, Financial Secretary; M. J. Laffey, Treasurer; Martin Cain, Sergeant-at-Arms; James Greeley, John Brady and Thomas Farrell, Trustees; P. J. Flanagan, M. J. Martin and Edward Greeley, Auditing Committee; William Kelly, Daniel Ryan and Thomas Grady, Investigating Committee.

"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER"(?)

BY JOHN BOYLE.

Victoria Regina, the model of sovereigns,
Wisest of mothers and chastest of spouses
In London or Lothian. But Ireland she governs
Queen of starvation, wrecked homes and poorhouses.
At home scarce a blot on her national polity;
Abroad every evil that marks the oppressor,
The scourge of the poor but the stay of quality.
How can she help it?—God bless her, God bless her.

How could she know among scions of royalty,
Princes of blood and high ladies of honor(?)
When a million of subjects lay starved in their loyalty,
How could she dream that their blood was upon her?
Didn't she leave their redress to her minister,
Derby or Dizzy, or Dizzy's successor?
How could she know they were cruel or sinister
Ruling by proxy?—God bless her, God bless her.

How could she know that the landlords rackrented?
How could she know that the harvests were blighted?
The blight she was told "It was Providence sent it,"
A rod for us—sins of a people benighted.
How could she thwart the behests of divinity,
How could she stand between lessee and lessor?
And didn't she show a right royal serenity
When America fed us—God bless her, God bless her.

Shouldn't her kind condescension appeal to us,
In missioning Alfred, the best of the princes,
To graciously dole out American meal to us?
Oh, what a spirit of love she evinces!
A prince supervising American charity;
'Twas worthy of Edward, the gentle Confessor,
Sublime in conception, angelic in rarity,
Gratius agimus! God bless her, God bless her.

Rocks, though moss-coated, betray their sterility,
Dead through all pulses and moods of creation,
So rulers of Britain, in youth or senility,
Are pulseless as rocks to the cries of our nation.
Now landlords' appeal from their tenants boycotting them,
Calls forth from Victoria, our latest oppressor,
Starvation for tenants and police for buckshotting them.
Tyrants are sacred—God bless her, God bless her!

But queens must die and the cold clay will cover them,
Peasants will live when their queens are sepultured,
Curses will shriek in the wind passing over them;
Horrors will spring from the horrors they cultured.
Vengeance will live and the peasants will fashion it,
Meet for the deeds of some future transgressor,
Callous and cruel, and still incompassionate,
Time to be witness—God bless her, God bless her!

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

IRISH NEWS.

The committee of technical instruction in Galway has engaged the services of a teacher to give instructions in shorthand (Pitman's system.)

During the quarter ended Dec. 31, 1893, under the Land Law act of 1887, there were 1,036 notices of eviction filed in the county courts in Ireland. Mayo heads the list with 283 notices, Cavan being second with 98; then follow Donegal, 74; Longford, 71; Galway, 58; Clare, 40; Roscommon, 39; Armagh, 35; Tyrone, 33; Kerry, 32; and Cork, 31.

William Conlan, a baker, employed in the establishment of Mrs. O'Brien, Ballinamore, county Leitrim, died suddenly on the 23d ult.

The Hon. John Morley promises, on behalf of the government, £15,000 towards the establishment of a veterinary college in Dublin.

A woolen factory will soon be started at Ballybay.

Mrs. Celia Clark, of Streamstown, near Claremorris, was accidentally drowned at Castlemagarrett on the 2d inst.

The following changes have been made by Cardinal Logue in the archdiocese of Armagh: The Rev. Patrick McRory, P. P., Eglish, has been appointed parish priest, Mittletown, in place of the much lamented Rev. Charles M'Evoy, lately deceased; and Rev. Patrick Hughes, C. C., Loughgall, has been appointed parish priest, Eglish.

A man named John O'Neill fell dead in Long Tower church, Derry, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 27, while mass was being celebrated. He had been suffering from heart disease for some time.

The total number of magistrates in Ireland is 5,224, of which 3,804 are Protstants, viz: 3,288 Episcopalians, 388 Presbyterians, 66 Methodists, 25 Society of Friends, and 37 Unitarians. The Catholic magistrates number 1,403, other religious denominations 9, and the religion of 8 magistrates is returned as unknown. There are 2,377 landed proprietors on the bench, 471 land agents, 430 farmers, 16 judges, 11 clergymen, 71 queen's counsel, 43 barristers, 41 solicitors, 11 coroners, 217 naval, military, and militia officers; 106 constabulary officers, 4 civil servants, 248 members of the medical profession, 43 brnkers and bank officials, and 750 merchants or manufacturers. Other professions or occupations are represented by 280 magistrates, and the professions of 105 are returned as unknown. Of the total number of 5,224, 4,060 are said to be usually resident in the counties, cities, or boroughs in which they adjudicate. —*Ex.*

The infant son of Lord Ffrench died on the 26th ult., at Grooftainot, Cape Colony.

At the conclusion of the Clare spring assizes, Justice O'Brien said he hoped that, if any crime was committed in Clare, at the next assizes some other judge would come and try it, because, while 117 cases had been reported to the police since the last assizes, the net result of the present assizes in Ennis was that, of all the persons, five had been tried, and one person tried on a charge of wounding was found guilty of common assault, and in every other case the jury had disagreed. The trial of criminal cases in the county Clare resulted in open contempt for the law.

An oldman name d' Anthony Sloan, residing in Mullaghbane, near Ballygawley, died recently at the age of 108 years. He had been blind for twenty years.

The death is announced of Peter Lambert, of Castle Ellen, Athenry, which occurred after a month's illness. He was 45 years of age, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On the 10th inst there was a scene of great excitement at an attempted sale by Sheriff Hobson, says the Limerick correspondent of the the *Independent*. The landlord of the Tuthill estate at Herbertstown put up for sale the interest in the farm and licensed house of one of his tenants, Mrs. Catherine Barry, a widow, but this action on his part drew a large gathering from the district, and ended in the sale proving an abortive one. Mrs. Barry owes about a year and a half's rent, including the hanging gale, and was refused an abatement, which, however, was conceded subsequent to the proceedings at the county court. The Parnellites were invited to attend on Mrs. Barry's behalf, and they did so in large numbers. There was a scene of wild excitement in the court when the sheriff attended to sell the farm, and both he and Mr. Barrington, solicitor for the landlord, were groaned lustily until they took their departure. The promoters of the demonstration had a band outside the courthouse, and there was a small force of police present, but they did not interfere. Cheers were given for the "plan of campaign," and after the flight of the sheriff and solicitor the assembly in the courthouse were addressed by Messrs. William Loudan and Francis Maguire. Mr. Finucane, M.P., was among those present. Later on Mr. Connolly, solicitor for the tenant, met Mr. Barrington, solicitor, and arranged a settlement, a reduction in the rent being conceded of something like 7s in the Irish acre. The holding consists of 102 acres plantation measure, at the yearly rent of £165—an exorbitant amount, it will be seen, as the prices for agricultural produce rule at present.

On the 6th inst. the solemn and impressive ceremony of religious profession was held at the Convent of Mercy, Cahir, when Sister Mary John (Miss Kate Ryan, daughter of the late Gerald Ryan, of Coolea, and sister of the late Rev. John T. Ryan, C. C., Thurles) received the black veil at the hands of the parish priest, the Rev. Robert Power. Among the visitors present were Messrs Daniel and Matthew Ryan, brothers of the professed nun, Mrs. D. Ryan, sister-in-law, Mr. Thomas Dunning, brother-in-law; and Mr. P. J. Dunning, nephew.

On March 14 a frightful accident occurred on the main line of the Great Northern Railway at Altnaveigh, about a mile from Newry. The driver of the up train noticed a man walking along the line, and the whistle was blown repeatedly. The warning was not heeded and the engine knocked the unfortunate man down. The train passed over the body, mutilating it [illegible]

The remains were taken to Dundalk. It is supposed that the victim was William Martin, Queen street, Newry, aged 50, who, it is stated, has been of unsound mind recently.

Martin Campion, a farmer, was seriously injured while out snipe shooting, near Kilmallock, March 10. He slipped while crossing a fence, and the gun fell from his hand, the muzzle entering the ground; the concussion caused the gun to explode, bursting the barrel.

At a vast meeting of Waterford citizens, held at the city hall, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, the following resolutions proposed by Mr. L. C. Strange, T. C., were unanimously adopted:

"That as the Irish people have for more than five years patiently and anxiously awaited the redemption of the promises made by Lord Ripon and the Right Hon. John Morley on behalf of the English Liberal party in Leinster hall, Dublin, in 1886, to release the Irish political prisoners on the accession to office of the said Liberal party, the members comprising that party have now occupied office for upwards of two years, yet our fellow-countrymen remain incarcerated in the earthly hells of English dungeon cells.

"That as these prisoners' convictions, more notably that of John Daly, had been compassed by methods the most foul, be it therefore resolved that the time has now arrived when we, in general meeting assembled, demand in no fawning attitude or halting accents the unconditional release of our unjustly imprisoned Irish and Irish-American fellow-countrymen, and call upon our representatives in the Westminster legislature to hold no peace or parley with the English Liberal party until the promises given in Leinster hall are redeemed and our incarcerated fellow-countrymen and Irish-American citizens step forth free men.

"That the Irish people will regard as traitors to the cause of Irish patriotism and nationality any of her representatives who refuse to assist by every means in their power and on every opportunity in securing the release of the political prisoners from worse than a living grave.

"That we, in meeting assembled, appeal and call on the President of the United States, in the interests of humanity and justice, to take the necessary steps in assisting in the release of those Irish-Americans who are at present undergoing terrible torture in the various English convict prisons.

"That we call on both sections of the Irish parliamentary representatives to support the amendment to be moved on the debate on the address at the coming session of parliament by Mr. J. E. Redmond, demanding the release of the Irish political prisoners.

"That we call on the citizens of Waterford, comprising every class, creed and party, to support the Irish National Amnesty Association in their exertions to obtain the release of the political prisoners, and to enrol themselves members of the local branch.

"That copies of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith; the Right Hon. John Morley, Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Congress of the United States, Mr. John E. Redmond and Mr. Justin McCarthy."

Did You See It?

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FLINGS AT CUPID.

My love is like a costly vase
Exhaling perfume on the air,
Tried by the fire of burning love,
Hand painted, too—well, I declare.

Her lips are wild rose petals
That by wayside lanes abound,
But her words, alas, are nettles
That hedge the rose around.

There is one merit to divorce—
We sum it up in a single sentence.
It strikes sublimely at the source
Of that trite "leisurely repentance."

Love often goes where it's sent,
Like the messenger boy, we know,
And loses its message often
And often is just as slow.

—R. L. Hendrick in Kate Field's Washington.

THE SUTTEE.

The evening drill was over, and Major Ralph Cleveland had just returned to his bungalow in the English camp at the foot of a spur of the Western Ghauts when an old sergeant came to announce that Punjo, a native spy, wished to speak with him on urgent business.

A moment later a lank, half naked Hindoo with a crafty look entered noiselessly and prostrated himself.

"Rise, Punjo," said the major in Hindoostanee, "and tell me briefly what news you bring."

"Sahib," replied the spy, "Punjo is the bearer of serious tidings for the English. The young widow of the old Prince Rahadoor of Ellora is to be burned on the pyre of her husband tomorrow about sunrise on the plain of Ellora."

"What!" exclaimed the major, clinching his fist, "in spite of the treaty the English have made with the Indian princes for the abolition of the suttee? And how far is the plain of Ellora from here?"

"By the mountain paths a quick foot could reach there between the rising of tonight's moon and the morrow's dawn."

"A rabble," said the English officer, with a sneer, "who will be frightened to death at the mere sight of a few hundred English bayonets and redcoats! But how do the priests dare to undertake this ceremony almost under our very noses? It must be they have not yet learned of our presence here."

"They have told the people that despite the treaty you dare not interfere; that you dare not thus bid defiance to their gods!"

"We shall see!" muttered the English officer.

With the rising of the moon the English moved out of their camp, their heavy tread rumbling in the still air. Punjo, the spy, led the way as guide.

Toward daybreak they came in sight of the plain of Ellora.

Halting his troops, the major, accompanied by the spy and a few of his men, advanced to reconnoiter.

The waning moon cast a faint light over the plain. To the south a dark mass rose against the sky. This, Punjo said, was the funeral pile, guarded by a few fanatics, lest the beasts of prey should attack old Rahadoor's body, which was to have been placed there at nightfall of the previous day.

To the left, about a hundred yards from the pile, upon a knoll, loomed up a heap of ruins, the remains of the once magnificent pagoda of Ellora.

"There," said the major, pointing to the crumbling structure, "is an excellent place for me to conceal my men till the moment for action comes. Meanwhile we must surprise these fanatics, who would doubtless be highly delighted to be able to inform the people of Ellora of our presence and so thwart our purpose. The rascals, overcome by their religious frenzy and vigil, are probably fast asleep, and so will fall into our hands without bloodshed. Go cautiously forward, Punjo, with my men and secure them."

The order was easily executed, for the fanatics were asleep, as the major had surmised, and were disarmed and seized before they could think of offering any resistance.

The next step was to secrete the regiment in the immense ruins.

Dawn was beginning to show itself along the horizon when there came to the ears of the eager watchers a sound as of faroff clamor.

"It is they," said the spy.

Led by a hundred Brahman priests in their robes of ceremony, their shaven heads uncovered, some carrying flaming torches, the natives slowly advanced, the air echoing with their acclamations.

In their midst, surrounded by a crowd of howling fanatics, plodded a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, upon whose back sat a young woman clad in white and covered with sparkling gems.

This was the hapless suttee, old Rahadoor's widow. And not only was she very young—apparently not over 16—but she was very beautiful, a truly ravishing creature. The severe fast which the Brahman priests imposed upon the suttee had not perceptibly marred her beauty. Her black eyes, though dimmed by suffering, had not lost all their luster, and her pale face wore an indescribably sad and sweet expression.

When the foot of the pyre was reached, a hush came over the multitude, and a handsome young priest, stepping from the ranks of his colleagues, walked backward to where the elephant had stopped and spoke to the young woman.

She started at the sound of his voice, as if from a dream, rose, looked about her a moment in confusion, then descended the short ladder placed against the animal's side.

When she reached the ground, the young priest took her gently by the arm and delivered her into the hands of some women, who began to strip her of her jewels and outer garments and loosened her luxuriant black hair, which fell in glossy waves to her feet, leaving her finally standing there, abashed and bewildered, with nothing to cover her nakedness but a thin silken undergarment.

Then the young priest once more approached her and conducted her to the pile amid the shouts of the people and howls of the fanatics, who in their religious exaltation began to slash their naked bodies with knives.

At the foot of the pyre a hoary Brahman held out to her a lighted torch, with which she was to set fire to the great heap before stretching herself by the side of her husband's body.

Rahadoor's widow took the torch, with a sweet smile, and waving her hand toward the people in token of a last farewell bravely placed one foot on the first step of the flight leading up to the old Hindoo's couch.

At that moment a bugle blast rang out over the valley. The natives, startled by this sudden interruption, turned their eyes simultaneously toward the spot whence the sound proceeded.

The sight that met their eyes was well calculated to strike them with consternation, for there, within a short distance of them, rushing from the falling portals of the ancient ruins and charging down upon them with flashing bayonets, was what seemed to them in the terror and confusion of the moment a whole army of redcoats.

So swift was the movement of the troops that the major had seized the trembling widow and was brandishing his heavy sword, thundering, "Avaunt, wretches, avaunt!" before the dismayed and recoiling priests had thought of protecting their suttee.

Then he commanded his men to form in a square about the pile.

While the order was being executed an aged priest stepped forward, drew up his bent form, and pointing a long, bony finger at the English commandant said in an austere voice:

"Wherefore this sacrilege, audacious Englishman? Wherefore comest thou with thy soldiers to disturb this righteous ceremony? Deliver up to us the woman to whose person thou hast no right, that the glorious sacrifice may be delayed no longer and that bloodshed may be avoided!"

"Dog of a priest! You dare to threaten?" cried the major violently. "I tell you Rahadoor's widow is in my lawful possession, and there she shall remain till the English authorities decide what is to be done with her. And, as for you and your people, in the name of the queen of England I command you to let us depart in peace!"

"And we," said the Brahman in his deepest voice, half turning toward the thousands behind him, "in the name of Brahma, the prophet, we command thee to restore to our hands the young woman of whom thou hast robbed up by a vile trick!"

Upon this invocation of their prophet the Hindoos set up fierce cries and began to push toward the pyre. The priests in front, irresistibly driven on by those behind, were pressed against the formidable row of bayonets, but no sooner did they feel their sting than they turned about frantically and endeavored to check the excited people. The latter, seeing some of their priests bleeding, hesitated and recoiled.

Taking advantage of this, the commandant quickly wheeled his men into line and gave the order to charge. With a deafening hurrah the British sprang forward. The wavering Hindoos, panic struck at the onrushing array of bristling bayonets, turned on their heels with dreadful yells and were soon flying over the plain in all directions.

When the last terrified native had disappeared in the jungle, the major stopped the pursuit, which had been conducted without much loss of blood, and returned with his men to the ruins, where he found the widow in one of the halls being cared for by the surgeon attached to the regiment. She had recovered from her swoon, and wrapped in a blanket sat propped up on an improvised couch.

The surgeon withdrew upon the entrance of the major, who, approaching the couch, took the soft hand of the widow in his own, as though she were a child, saying in Hindoostanee:

"Tell me, poor creature, what is your name?"

"Natalie," replied the suttee shyly.

"Well, Natalie, you need fear no longer—your enemies are routed."

"My enemies?" repeated Rahadoor's widow, looking up curiously.

"Yes, the miserable Brahmans, who would have cruelly burned you on old Rahadoor's funeral pile but for the timely interference of the English."

"Oh, but they are not my enemies—they are my friends, who were only doing their duty—and I was ready to die," she added slowly.

"But do you not know that the English have a treaty with your princes abolishing the suttee?" pursued the officer.

Natalie shook her head.

"Yet it is true. So your own people were deceiving you. You have the right to live."

"Ah," said the young woman sweetly, a bright light coming into her dark eyes, "I really have the right to live?"

"Undoubtedly. Are you not glad?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Natalie, something like a shadow of fear darkening her lovely face. "My people will curse me, and when I return to them, if they have deceived me, as you say, will they not carry out the ceremony when you are gone and they need no longer fear your intervention?"

"They can never carry out the ceremony, little Natalie," returned the major. "I have taken my precautions. Look!" And he pointed toward a large opening in the crumbling walls, through which one could see a dense volume of smoke rising in great clouds far into the sky.

"You see," he continued, "you have nothing more to fear there. By my orders old Rahadoor is having a funeral all by himself. And as for you, little Natalie, no harm shall come to you. You shall be protected. You shall not go back to your people. Put your trust in me."

Natalie fixed her beautiful eyes on the animated face above; then she said simply:

"I trust you—indeed I do, for you are the only man I have ever dared to speak to without trembling for fear. And yet I have always been taught to hate your people."

Here the tete-a-tete was interrupted by the appearance of Punjo, who brought with him the garments that Natalie had been stripped of at the pyre.

Twelve days have come and gone since the return to the camp at the foot of the Western Ghauts. A courier had been dispatched to the English authorities in Calcutta with the major's report of the rescue of the young widow, who had adapted herself to her new life in the camp with evident joy, which Major Ralph Cleveland seemed to share wonderfully.

It was a little after midnight. The stars shone in a clear sky; the camp was wrapped in a silence, broken at intervals by the cries of the sentries. Along its western limit ran a jungle, from which rose here and there a gigantic catalpa tree.

Behind one of these trees, within 25 yards of the first tents and but a few steps from where a sentry passed to and fro from time to time, crouched a naked Hindoo, listening to the sentry's retreating footsteps. When all was silent, the skulker dropped upon his hands and knees and crept with great caution to the verge of the jungle, where he put his ear to the ground. Then he crept on, swiftly and noiselessly, toward the center of the camp, stopping ever and anon to listen, until he reached a tent standing in an open space apart from the rest. Here he flattened himself against the ground and lay for a minute or two perfectly still, his swarthy form scarcely distinguishable from the color of the ground. Suddenly he glided like a snake along the side of the tent and disappeared under the curtain before the entrance.

On this very night the major felt a strange uneasiness, which prevented his sleeping, and toward midnight had thrown himself half undressed in the hammock suspended in his bungalow.

But his uneasiness only increased till it finally took the form of a disagreeable presentment of a foreboding of impending evil. Evil to whom? He sprang up, and going to the entrance looked out into the clear starlit night. Not a sound broke the stillness. The very silence was oppressive to him. In the open space in the center of the camp he could see the single tent. A smile broke over his face.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured. "Hers has been an unhappy lot! What has the future in store for her? How contented she appears to be here! How her beautiful eyes light up every time we meet! And what a delightful look comes into her bewitching face! Egad, major, I verily believe if you weren't a confirmed old bachelor you would be falling madly in love with old Rahadoor's little"——

He cut himself short, his eyes glowing like live coals.

Heavens, what was that? He had just seen against the shimmering white canvas of Natalie's tent something like a flitting shadow—a human form gliding along close to the ground and vanishing at the entrance.

Whipping out his pistol—a trusty friend that never left him in that treacherous land—he sped silently over the ground in his slippered feet to Natalie's tent and was about to tear aside the curtain when a low voice—a man's—struck his ear. He paused and listened.

"Awake, awake, daughter of the faithful!" said the voice in Hindoostanee. "Rouse yourself, for time is precious, if you would escape this night from the accursed dogs who hold you in bondage!"

At these words the major set his teeth hard together to keep from uttering a great oath and clutched his pistol more firmly.

"She sleeps soundly," continued the voice, which sounded familiar to the officer, "as though she had an easy conscience. But doubtless she is kept under the influence of a powerful drug that she may not realize her shame. Natalie, Natalie, awake! It is a true friend who speaks to you—Punjo, who used to serve your father."

"Punjo!" repeated the major to himself, with a start. "By heavens, he is playing now into the hands of the Brahmans! It shall cost the traitor dear!"

Now there came a little cry of alarm from Natalie, and her soft voice asked:

"Who is there? Who speaks to Natalie?"

"Punjo, your father's old servant, who would save you from your disgrace. Listen. The handsome Brahman priest who led you to the funeral pile and your people—your friends—sent me to you"——

"I have no friends but the English!" broke in Natalie's voice.

"Ah," said the spy, "what has the cunning Englishman been telling you? He has been beguiling you with false words that he might make you blind to your shame and make you his slave."

"Slave!" murmured the young widow in a scornful tone. "It were better to be his slave than return to the people who deceived me!"

"But listen, Natalie. You need not return to your people if you do not wish to. The handsome young Brahman priest charged me to tell you that he would protect you from them"——

"I hate him and the rest of the priests now that my eyes are open to their perfidy. I shall not return to them!" said Natalie.

"Ah, you, a woman, dare defy the priests!" hissed the spy. "Hark you, woman! Go with me you shall in spite of yourself! Punjo has not risked his life for nothing"——

A heavy hand fell upon the speaker's neck, there was a loud report, and the Hindoo, bounding backward, fell in a heap at the entrance to the tent.

Natalie, terrified, flung herself at the major's feet, and clasping his knees tightly with her soft, round arms cried out:

"Oh, I know you even in the dark! You have saved Natalie once more! Natalie shall be your slave—your willing slave!"

Stooping quickly, the major lifted her trembling form in his strong arms and said in a solemn voice:

"No, not my slave, sweet little Natalie, but my wife—in England!"—Dudley Winthrop Moore in Washington Post.

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On the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning event in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea, poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvelous display of ancient and modern times. All that the brain of man and woman had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. Among these was the largest building in the world, largest engine in the world, most powerful electrical machinery in the world, fastest train in the world, greatest cannon in the world, strongest search-light in the world, highest wheel in the world, most extensive collection of paintings in the world, and a thousand and one other greatest things were there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there to exemplify the imperial glories of our nation. Only the spirit and the pictures remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON THE FIFTH PAGE.

THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.

Famous Races.

The most extraordinary instance perhaps of the stoutness as well as speed of the race horse was afforded by Quibbler, who in December, 1786, ran 23 miles round the flat at Newmarket in 57 minutes and 10 seconds. In 1772 a mile was run by Firefly in 1 minute and 45 seconds, and Flying Childers ran over the Beacon course—4 miles 1 furlong 138 yards—in 7 minutes and 30 seconds.

In 1745 Mr. Thornton rode from Stretton to London, back and again to London, making 215 miles in 11 hours on a turnpike road and uneven ground, and when the wretched state of the roads at that period is considered the feat becomes truly remarkable.

Sir Robert Carey, when he rode from London to Edinburgh to inform King James of the death of Queen Elizabeth, is credited with doing a remarkable thing in having ridden 300 miles in less than three days. He did not come off scathless, for he had several falls and received many bruises, and he came into the king's presence all battered and blood stained.

During our Revolutionary war General Lafayette rode from his headquarters in Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of almost 70 miles, in seven hours, and immediately upon having an interview with Washington made the return journey in 6½ hours.

In this connection the famous ride of Nicks, or Dick Turpin, should not be forgotten. He had committed a robbery in London about 4 o'clock in the morning, and fearing arrest made for Gravesend, where he was ferried across the Thames and appeared the same night at 8 o'clock upon the Bowling Green of the city of York. He was nevertheless arrested, and upon his trial was acquitted, the jury deeming it physically impossible for the same horse to bear the same man 300 miles in 16 hours.—Boston Herald.

Alexander's Horse.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander the Great, was in all probability the most celebrated horse of which we have any knowledge. He was bought for the sum of 16 talents from Philonicus out of his breeding pastures of Pharsalia, and it is known that he was skewbald, or, in other words, white, clouded with large deep bay spots, this particular breed being valued by the Parthians above all others, but being disliked by the Romans because so easily seen in the dark.

Bucephalus was ridden by Alexander at the battle of the Hydaspes and there received his death wound. Disobedient for once to the command of his master, he galloped from the heat of the battle, brought Alexander to a place of safety, knelt, as was his custom, for him to alight, and having thus performed his duty trembled, dropped down and died.—Exchange.

A Sure Sign.

The business man suspected that one of his clerks was doing more gambling than was good for him, and he sent an old employee to investigate. He made his report very soon.

"Well," asked the employer, "what did you learn?"

"That he bets some."

"A great deal?"

"Oh, no; only a little."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I asked him about a game of poker he sat in the night before, and he said, 'Yes, I was there, and I won $25.'"

"I should say that indicated he was very deep in it," exclaimed the horrified employer.

"Quite the contrary," dissented the investigator. "If he had been at it very long, he never would have said, 'I won $25,' but 'I win $25.' That's the only genuine sign of a veteran at the business."—Detroit Free Press.

Saved His Money.

A notable example of Scotch thrift is recorded of a Mr. McCatarack, who was driving a fast horse in a trap with a friend. The horse bolted, and the friend exclaimed:

"I'd give £10 to be out of this!"

"Hold your tongue, man," replied Mac. "Ye'll be out for nothing in less than a minute!" a prediction which proved true.—Glasgow Exchange.

Kept Pace With the Country.

"When that man came to Chicago, sir, he couldn't write his name. And now he's worth millions."

"I suppose he has learned to write by this time."

"Write! That man, sir, wields the finest cattle pen in Chicago!"—Chicago Tribune.

There has been no diphtheria at Galena, Ills. Some cases appeared at Scales Mound that were erroneously imputed to Galena.

At London, Ky., James Ballou and Grant Collins, train wreckers, were sentenced respectively to nine or ten years' imprisonment.

Federal officers raided another counterfeiters' den at New York and captured a complete outfit for making spurious 10-cent pieces. Four counterfeiters were captured.

Will Brown and Joe Bailey, who had killed their wives at Bessemer, Ala., were sentenced to be hanged, the first March 30, and Bailey April 6.

At Johns, Ala., Dennis Clements and Will Barge quarreled over a girl. Barge shot and killed Clements. Deputy Sheriff Chat Holman blew Barge's head off with a shotgun.

A FIGHT WITH ARABS

A TERRIBLE AND BLOODY CONFLICT ON THE RED SEA.

A Chapter of Experiences From the Attempt to Suppress the African Slave Trade—It Reads Like a Leaf From a Novel of Ocean Adventures.

Captain Charles Beresford, a former British officer, now in command of the Mexican man-of-war Zaragossa, related the following story to a reporter:

About five years ago, it matters not the month or day, I was dispatched to the eastern coast of Africa, on the Red sea, to arrest the slave trade which at that time was reported to be growing to an alarming extent along the Abyssinian coast. The trade was carried on between the Arabs and the natives of that country. The Arabs would sail across the sea in small vessels, which were called dhows, would collect the slaves from the chiefs of warlike tribes and would return with them to Mocha, which in times of pilgrimage was the greatest market for slaves on the oriental coast.

Upon arriving in the waters infested with the Arabs I established myself at the island of Perim, near the outlet of the sea of the pharaohs. My vessel was a small steamer, and the number of the crew was nine. In the island of Perim there was a harbor where the boat could be concealed. It was my custom to go out in small boats, as the Arabs in their dhows could see the steamer afar off and would make away before I could catch them. In that manner we succeeded in surprising a great many and taking prisoners. It soon became difficult, however, to effect their capture, as they began to operate with a code of signals and to go in large numbers.

I circulated the report among the Arabs that I had departed from the island and had returned to England. That was done upon the arrival in the harbor of a large ship going from Bombay to Liverpool. I requested the captain of the ship, and the permission was granted, to allow me to hoist my cutter on board his vessel. Succeeding in that, we covered the small craft up, so that the Arab could not see it while we were under sail. Arriving nearly opposite Mocha, my vessel was lowered into the water, but it was done under the cover of the night. The following day I saw the sails of three dhows going in the direction of the slave trading city. My report had brought the Arabs away from the coast, with their dhows loaded with human freight. We made straight for the three boats, but they scattered before we were near enough to communicate with them. Pursuing one, we soon ran it down. As we approached the vessel the Arabs fired upon us, killing one of our men. We returned the sally with deadly effect, as our arms were superior and our position better. Stubborn resistance was offered, but we made the contraband craft crew captive, and removing the rudder left her to float until we could chase the others.

The second dhow was well loaded and had perhaps 20 aboard as well as 25 or 30 captives to be sold into bondage. The slaves were bound in the bottom of the vessel. We were resisted, but did not lose any of our men. We were obliged to kill a number of the Arabs. As I placed three men in charge of this vessel I was left with four men to make the attack on the largest dhow, which appeared to be well loaded with Arabs and slaves, the Arabs appearing to be well armed. We steamed alongside of the dhow and demanded their surrender, but the demand was met with a deadly fusillade, which killed two of our men, for the Arabs were splendid marksmen. We came up within a few feet of the dhow while the conflict was raging. The sea was rough. The vessels were tossed against each other and were badly shaken up. The fire soon ceased, for the Arabs, who had muzzle loading guns, had all fired a round and were not in a position to reload their weapons. At this juncture I jumped aboard the dhow. Along the edge of the vessel was a walkway 18 inches wide.

This was separated from the opening in the hull where the slaves were bound by a sort of banister 10 or 12 inches high. In jumping aboard I missed my footing. The vessel was tossed as I sprang forward, and instead of landing on its edge, as I intended, I went over the banister and down amid the captives. The fall made me insensible. I knew nothing. I cannot to this day tell how long I lay unconscious amid the bound Numidians and surrounded by bloodthirsty and exasperated Arabs, numbering perhaps a dozen. At last I regained consciousness. When I opened my eyes, one of my men, who was a brave, strong fellow, was standing over me slashing the Arabs with a cutlass to the right and left. A half dozen of the Arabs were lying about me, some dead and others dying from the wounds inflicted by the terrible onslaught of the young Britisher. My first thought was to use my pistols. As I pulled one from my belt I looked up and saw an Arab behind the young fellow, who was making a brave effort to save my life, with a drawn scimiter. He was in the very act of killing the boatswain when I fired between the knees of the latter and killed the Arab. Between us we made short work of the others. It was a great slaughter; but, to be sure, it was one of preservation. We returned to the others, and binding the Arabs made our way to Perim. The slaves were sent back to their people. As a result of my fall I injured my spine and was carried to England, where I lay upon my back, unable to move and undergoing the greatest agony, for two long and weary years. —New Orleans Picayune.

A Nice Distinction.

Lady—I should like some material for a concert dress.

Shopman—Is it for light or heavy music?—Paris Pescheria.

BRITISH VIEW OF THE KEARSARGE.

Why She Won Her Combat With the Confederate Commerce Destroyer.

The old Kearsarge, which sank the Alabama, herself came to a violent end, wrecked in the Caribbean sea, happily with the loss of but one life. It is 30 years since she fought her great fight off Cherbourg, so she has kept the seas a long time. She deserved an honored place on the retired list of the American navy, for she had claims on national gratitude only second to those of the Constitution.

Her fight with the Alabama was a duel conducted very much on the model of the personal contests in the age of chivalry. After a hot pursuit she had at last cornered the Confederate cruiser which had wrought so much ruin to American commerce, and it was well understood that pursuer or pursued must perish. She watched the mouth of Cherbourg harbor, which her enemy was under short notice to leave, and the fight was inevitable. The steamers in port came out to see it, and some of them carried excursion parties from Paris. The Kearsarge won by superior artillery, superior discipline, superior patriotism. Her crew had a nobler idea to fight for than the medley of mercenaries that crowded the privateer. These were a desperate gang, and they had given their officers endless trouble before the Kearsarge took the reformation of their manners in hand.

As the Alabama steamed out of harbor at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 19, she found her antagonist waiting for her, and the two approached each other in ever narrowing circles, firing all the time. The Kearsarge was better prepared for defense as well as for attack. Her commander had roughly armored her in the most vulnerable parts by laying all his spare chain cables in folds over the sides. The Alabama opened fire at a distance of about a mile, and when the ships had made seven complete circles she suddenly turned and headed for the land. She was sinking, for both shot and shell had reached her with fearful effect on ship and crew. A British yacht, the Deerhound, which had come out to see the fight, came up in time to save about 40 of the crew as they jumped for their lives. The last shot was fired as she went down. It was a glorious victory. We can say so with a clear conscience now, as The Daily News was among the few metropolitan journals that said so when it was won.—London News.

Van Beers' "La Sirene."

Jan Van Beers' first great hit, "La Sirene," representing a naval officer helping a pretty girl into a yacht gig, underwent some strange vicissitudes. The picture, as we are told, was exhibited at the Brussels salon, and having been distinguished by royal notice the critics and brother artists were soon in full cry. They declared that Jan Van Beers could not have produced such elaborateness of finish and minuteness of detail had it not been that he had painted over a photograph.

The pugnacious young Belgian did not sit quietly down under what he termed this "infamous assertion." The head of the young yachtswoman had been specially assailed, and he offered to allow his critics to scratch the head out and chemically destroy the colors down to the white canvas, and should there be found any trace of a photograph he pledged himself to pay over £1,000. On the other hand, should it be shown that the picture owed its art to the sole agency of brush and pencil, then his critics were to pay a like sum to his pet home for incurable idiots or some such institution.

Needless to say, the challenge was not taken up, but a short time after, while the picture was still in the gallery, the head of the lady was surreptitiously cut out and the picture otherwise defaced. Fortunately the painter was able to set it all right again with a few days' hard labor, and it now belongs to a wealthy South American lady and is understood to be in London. The right of reproduction was sold by the artist for 1,000 francs, and he believes the publisher who bought it made something like 100,000 francs profit out of it.—Pall Mall Budget.

The Guillotine.

The striking thing about the execution was the appalling quickness of it all. Action was so rapid from the instant the condemned appeared in the doorway of the prison to the moment the knife fell that it was almost impossible to distinguish the slight chain of incidents. He flung himself eagerly against the plank, was strapped to it, and in the flash of a glance the plank was pushed forward on the platform of the guillotine. An instant's vision of a recumbent figure, face downward. In the same moment a head, with two staring, wide open eyes, whirled almost defiantly, as it seemed, and with a slight zigzag movement to the rightward, while simultaneously the pinioned body rolled inert, convulsive, into the capacious basket, also at the right hand side of the guillotine. The swiftness, the mechanical promptness of the business, fairly stupefied the spectator. It was impossible to realize that a human life had ended in less time than it would take to draw a full breath. The guillotine had done its work well. There was scarcely a sense of horror in the sight.—New York World.

A Vivid Imagination.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child, unabashed. "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead!"

A CITY'S BUSINESS PULSE.

How Its Rise and Fall Are Recorded In the Telephone Exchanges.

Where is the pulse of the city's business to be felt and watched? On the streets, in the Stock Exchange, the board of trade, the hotels, the street cars or on the docks? Not at all. Where then? Why, in the telephone exchanges. There you will see the pulse of city life beating more or less feverishly all through the 24 hours of the day.

If you are interested in the subject and get the right side of the general manager, he will show you the "line of life" of the city for a single day laid out on a beautiful chart. It looks like the profile of a mountain range cut clean through the middle. The line shows the number of telephone communications for each hour of the 24 in the same manner that the daily variations of thermometer and barometer are shown in the newspapers.

During the early morning hours it is a gently undulating slope, almost a table land. At about 6 a. m. it begins to ascend, at 7 the ascent grows sharper and by 8 the slope is steep, at 9 it is precipitous, and between 11 and 12 it reaches the summit of a lofty peak.

The general manager tells you what the line means. In the middle of the night and during the wee sma' hours there is little telephone talking. Still every hour there is always some. The newspapers, belated clubmen and other night owls provide it. Then, as the day breaks, the market opens fire, and the traffic creeps upward. A little later the early birds of business begin to pipe up, and the traffic steadily grows. Then the rush down town begins in earnest, in a short time every business office is in full swing, the pulse of the city beats at fever heat, and a thousand telephone bells are tinkling every minute.

The line jumps up the slope by leaps and bounds, the operators rush in and pull out plugs, turn down levers and press buttons as if their very life depended on doing 15 separate things in five seconds, and each one could find work for three pairs of hands and an equal number of mouths and ears.

Then, at about noon, the top notch of high pressure is reached, and the line drops down the other side of the peak. Men go out to luncheon, and for a couple of hours there is a valley in the mountain range.

Everybody does not go out together, though, and even between 12 and 2 there is not a very deep valley. Calls still rain in from all quarters, but there is not the tremendous demand on the telephone that there was an hour or two ago.

By 2 o'clock the line begins to soar upward again, as if trying to outdo its performance of the forenoon. People are back in their offices, and the pulse of the city again approaches fever heat, another peak begins to form, and the summit is reached some time between 3 and 4.

Sometimes it overtops the morning peak, sometimes it is not quite so high, but it always makes another "rush hour" for the operators. By 4 o'clock people begin to go home, the line is on its downward course again, and this time it drops down like the slope of a church steeple.

Between 5 and 6 the telephone communications have subsided from several thousands per hour to a few hundred, and the descent is still rapid. The greater part of the operators are relieved from duty, and in the course of an hour or two the great switchboard, from being a nervous, palpitating thing of life, incessantly receiving signals and making signs, lazily winks one of its many eyes every few minutes for the rest of the evening and night.

It never sleeps entirely. In the deadest hour of the night, week day and Sunday, high day and holiday, somebody has occasion to use the telephone, and the pulse of the switchboard, the heart of the city's life, responds at all times to the touch of a communicative public.—Boston Globe.

Dangers of the Paris Cab.

Professor Brouardel relates the two following histories of accidents that happened on the same day to a cabman and a medical practitioner. The former fell asleep in his heated cab after having carefully closed the windows. Half an hour later he was taken out dead, and post mortem examinations at the morgue revealed carbonic oxide poisoning as the cause of the catastrophe. On the other hand, the practitioner had reentered his heated and closed carriage after an absence of an hour at a consultation.

After a drive of five minutes he was seized with giddiness, nausea and a degree of muscular loss of power that rendered the throwing open of the carriage windows a matter of extreme difficulty. He suffered from the effects of this carbonic acid poisoning for 10 further days. In the course of the discussion that ensued M. Moissan stated that this danger was not limited to the briguettes of public vehicles, but extended to nearly all the household heating apparatus.

The joints of these apparatuses were mostly composed of glazed earthenware, which under the influence of the heat, soon cracked and allowed the carbonic oxide gas to escape. He said that nonfatal accidents were very common, and he knew many people who complained every winter of malaise, which disappeared in summer with the exit of the determining cause—the deadly briquette of the comfortable (?) Paris heated cab.—London Lancet.

How Sound Travels.

In day air at 92 degrees sound travels 1,142 feet per second, or about 775 miles per hour; in water, 4,900 feet per second; in iron, 17,500 feet per second; in copper, 10,378 feet per second, and in wood from 12,000 to 16,000 per second. It has also been proved that the sound of a bell can be heard 45,000 feet through water, and that when the same bell was wrung in the open air it could be heard but 456 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

The Trade In Maine Ashes.

"Maine burns more firewood to keep warm winters than any other eastern state," says a Maine man who has been in the business. "The wood is of better quality and makes better ashes than can be collected in Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and there's a sharp demand for Maine ashes in the middle and southern states for agricultural purposes. Great quantities are used in Massachusetts also. There are a number of dealers in Boston who make a business of collecting ashes through Maine for shipment. Carloads and carloads of them go out of the state by rail yearly, and shiploads are sent to Florida and Georgia, where they want the best hard wood article. They send north phosphate rock, and we send them ashes, and the trade is a benefit to both sections.

"There are some parts of Maine denominated 'prime' by the dealers, because they are in hard wood, maple and birch regions and do not burn much soft wood. In some of these localities there is a sharp competition in the business. Leached ashes from the potash and soap factories used to be shipped mostly, but they've gone out, and dry ashes are wanted. So much is this the case that one potash man I knew, a dishonest fellow, dried his leached ashes and shipped them as unleached. The potashes and local soap factories of Maine are run under by the demand for dry ashes and are going out of business. Probably the day is not far distant when dealers in Portland, Bangor and other Maine towns will look after this trade and do the shipping direct from Maine ports to the southern states. There is a large profit in it, if I am not mistaken."—Lewiston Journal.

In George Washington's Arms.

In Dr. Mines' volume of reminiscences, "A Tour Around New York," the author devotes a paragraph to the attractions of Battery park and adds a pleasing little story of a time before his own:

I remember a dear old lady who loved to talk about this park and tell of the people she had met here and the scenes she had witnessed, and of these one man and one morning's adventure stood out most prominent.

A little thing in white, her nurse had brought her to the park to witness a civic ceremony, and the crowd prevented her from obtaining a good view of the pageant.

As with a child's impatience she tried to press through the throng a tall and handsome elderly gentleman, clad in a suit of black velvet and with a dress sword at his side, stooped down to her, inquired pleasantly about her trouble and then lifted her upon his shoulder and held her there until the procession had passed.

Delighted with what she saw, the child thought little about the gentleman who had brushed away her trouble, but thanked him when he released her with a kiss and set her down upon the ground. As he moved away the nurse in an awe-struck voice asked the child if she knew whose arms had held her and then told her that it was President Washington. The little eyes watched him out of sight and never forgot his stately appearance.

I think dear old Mrs. Atterbury was prouder of having been the heroine of this incident than of all the social honors that afterward fell to her lot.—Youth's Companion.

Detained by Public Business.

Mrs. Upjohn—Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?

Mr. Upjohn—Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like snow, doesn't it?

"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't interest you. That coffee smells delicious. Is the steak all right?"

"Yes, the steak is all right. What were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of a tall office building. I got right in the thick of it and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I went down town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is all gone. What"——

"How about these folks next door? Have they decided to rent their upper flat to that family from Kenwood?"

"No. They are going to let it to a newly married couple from the North Side. What was the crowd doing?"

"Why—why—why, it was—it was watching some men raise a safe to a sixth story window. Seems to me you're mighty inquisitive."—Chicago Tribune.

Faults In Conversation.

Dean Swift once said: "There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root and are equally blamable. I mean an impatience to interrupt others and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider cannot possibly run into either of those two errors, because when any man speaketh in company it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers' sake and not his own, so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it, nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How He Felt.

It is told of one of the most austere bishops of the American Episcopal church that once when catechizing a class of boys he called attention to the disobedience of Jonah and the consequent punishment. To enforce the lesson he said in a stern way, "And, now, boys, how did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?" One bright lad answered, "I think he felt down in the mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; J Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Crilly, V P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4033 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jos Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 884, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Hedden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3736 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm Flynn; Treas, Jos P Walsh. Meet 3d and 4th Sunday at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 778 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kleuke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5513 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burn; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Joseph Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, J B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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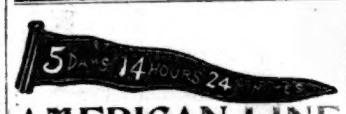

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

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MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.
We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.
No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.
No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.
No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.
No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.
No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.
No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.
No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.
"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.
The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.
No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.
This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.
No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.
No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.
No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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